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ALL NIGHT LONG.

Would that the world would let us be
And we were in the open night,
Bared heads, blown garments, near
the sea,

Or where the full moon pours its light
On the high downs, the downs so
free—

Break off the song.

The world has power to follow ye
All night long.

You have too much heard the things
they say,

You have too much done the things
they bid,

You have sold you to the common
sway

For a little bread, and have forfeited
For a barren pittance, a paltry pay,
Freedom and song.

The world is with you all the day
And all night long.

E. N. da C. Andrade.

The Eye Witness.

THE GUIDE-BOOK.

Come forth, and brave our Northern
sky,

Old comrade of the travelled ways,
For 'twixt your battered covers lie,
On pages scored with note and
phrase,

The memories of enchanted days.

Your legend, while our grey fogs drift,
And while our angry sunsets frown,
Can, like Aladdin's carpet, lift
The dreamer up, and set him down
In Lombard plain or Tuscan town.

Where shall we wander? Where
abide?

Somewhere with olive and with
vine,

By Tiber or by Arno side,
By Mark's or Minlato's shrine,
On Pincian or on Palatine?

Lead us through churches, those and
these,

The Fountains, where the silence
falls

Among the eucalyptus trees;
Show us St. Peter's or St. Paul's,
In Fetters or Without the Walls.

Come where Benozzo Gozzoli
Makes the Riccardi chapel glow
With ranks of gorgeous Medici,
Or where the convent cloisters show
Visions of Fra Angelico;

Or where the Adriatic wave,
The tideway of the Sea-queen's
power,

Still murmurs round her earliest grave,
And chants her requiem hour by
hour

Beneath Torcello's lonely tower.

With you in hand we turn to trace
Once more the Doge's gloomy state,
We feed the pigeons in the Place,
And board the gondolas that wait,
Black shadows at the palace gate.

Back to your shelf: on many a night
You bring for him who sits at home
Your Odyssey of sound and sight—
Bargello, Forum, arch and dome—
From Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome.
Alfred Cochran.

The Spectator.

**WHERE ARE THE WINGED
WORDS?**

Green leaves are here,
Sunlight and singing-birds;
But where? oh! where
Are the old winged words?

Thought lies too deep,
Joy is too high a thing;
And now I weep
Where once I used to sing.
Dorothy Frances Gurney.

THE SHADOW.

"Thou art not Death!" I cried;—
For Life's supremest fantasy
Had never thus envisaged death to
me;—
"Thou art not Death, the End!"

In accents winning,
Came the answer,—"Friend,
There is no Death!
I am the Beginning,
Not the End!"

John Ozenham.

EUGENICS AND GENIUS.

It so happens that, some years ago, with no relation to eugenic considerations, I devoted a considerable amount of attention to the biological characters of British men of genius, considered, so far as possible, on an objective and impartial basis. The selection, that is to say, was made, without regard to personal predilections, in accordance with certain rules, from the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In this way one thousand and thirty names were obtained of men and women who represent the flower of British genius during historical times, only excluding those persons who were alive at the end of the last century. What proportion of these were the offspring of parents who were insane or mentally defective to a serious extent?

If the view of Maudsley, that there is "hardly ever" a man of genius who is not the product of an insane or nervously disordered stock, had a basis of truth, we should expect that in one or other parents of the man of genius actual insanity had occurred in a very large proportion of cases; twenty-five per cent would be a moderate estimate. But what do we find? In not one per cent can definite insanity be traced among the parents of British men and women of genius. No doubt this result is below the truth; the insanity of the parents must sometimes have escaped the biographer's notice. But even if we double the percentage to escape this source of error the proportion still remains insignificant.

There is more to be said. If the insanity of the parent occurred early in life we should expect it to attract attention more easily than if it occurred late in life. Those parents of men of genius falling into insanity late in life, the critic may argue, escape notice.

But it is precisely to this group that all the ascertainably insane parents of British men of genius belong. There is not a single recorded instance, so far as I have been able to ascertain, in which the parent had been definitely and recognizably insane before the birth of the distinguished child; so that any prohibition of the marriage of persons who had previously been insane would have left British genius untouched. In all cases the insanity came on late in life, and it was usually, without doubt, of the kind known as senile dementia. This was so in the case of the mother of Bacon, the most distinguished person in the list of those with an insane parent. Charles Lamb's father, we are told, eventually became "imbecile." Turner's mother became insane. The same is recorded of Archbishop Tillotson's mother and of Archbishop Leighton's father. This brief list includes all the parents of British men of genius who are recorded (and not, then, always very definitely) as having finally died insane. In the description given of others of the parents of our men of genius it is not, however, difficult to detect that, although they were not recognized as insane, their mental condition was so highly abnormal as to be not far removed from insanity. This was the case with Gray's father, and with the mothers of Arthur Young and Andrew Bell. Even when we allow for all the doubtful cases, the proportion of persons of genius with an insane parent remains very low, less than two per cent.

Senile dementia, though it is one of the least important and significant of the forms of insanity, and is entirely compatible with a long and useful life, must not, however, be regarded, when present in a marked degree, as the

mere result of old age. Entirely normal people of sound heredity do not tend to manifest signs of pronounced mental weakness or abnormality even in extreme old age. We are justified in suspecting a neurotic strain, though it may not be of severe degree. This is, indeed, illustrated by our records of British genius. Some of the eminent men of genius on my list (at least twelve) suffered before death from insanity, which may probably be described as senile dementia. But several of these were somewhat abnormal during earlier life (like Swift), or had a child who became insane (like Bishop Marsh). In these, and in other cases, there has doubtless been some hereditary neurotic strain.

It is clearly, however, not due to any intensity of this strain that we find the incidence of insanity in men of genius, as illustrated, for example, by senile dementia, so much more marked than its incidence on their parents. There is another factor to be invoked here: convergent morbid heredity. If a man and a woman, each with a slight tendency to nervous abnormality, marry each other, there is a much greater chance of the offspring manifesting a severe degree of nervous abnormality than if they had married entirely sound partners. Now among both normal and abnormal people there is a tendency for like to mate with like. The attraction of the unlike for each other, which was once supposed to prevail, is not predominant, except within the sphere of the secondary sexual characters, where it clearly prevails, so that the ultra-masculine man is attracted to the ultra-feminine woman, and the feminine man to the boyish or mannish woman. Apart from this, people tend to marry those who are both psychically and physically of the same type as themselves. It thus happens that nervously abnormal people become mated

to the nervously abnormal. This is well illustrated by the British men of genius themselves. Although insanity is more prevalent among them than among their parents, the same can scarcely be said of them in regard to their wives. It is notable that the insane wives of these men of genius are almost as numerous as the insane men of genius, though it rarely happens (as in the case of Southey) that both husband and wife go out of their minds. But in all these cases there has probably been a mutual attraction of mentally abnormal people.

It is to this tendency in the parents of men of genius, leading to a convergent heredity, that we must probably attribute the undue tendency of the men of genius themselves to manifest insanity. Each of the parents, separately, may have displayed but a minor degree of neuropathic abnormality, but the two strains were fortified by union, and the tendency to insanity became more manifest. This was, for instance, the case as regards Charles Lamb. The nervous abnormality of the parents in this case was less profound than that of the children, but it was present in both. Under such circumstances what is called the law of anticipation comes into play: the neurotic tendency of the parents, increased by union, is also antedated, so that definite insanity occurs earlier in the life of the child than, if it had appeared at all, it occurred in the life of the parent. Lamb's father only became weak-minded in old age, but since the mother also had a mentally abnormal strain Lamb himself had an attack of insanity early in life, and his sister was liable to recurrent insanity during a great part of her life. Notwithstanding, however, the influence of this convergent heredity, it is found that the total insanity of British men and women of genius is not more, so

far as can be ascertained,—even when slight and dubious cases are included,—than 4.2 per cent. That ascertainable proportion must be somewhat below the real proportion, but in any case it scarcely suggests that insanity is an essential factor of genius.

Let us, however, go beyond the limits of British genius and consider the evidence more freely. There is, for instance, Tasso, who was undoubtedly insane for a good part of his life, and has been much studied by the pathologists. De Gaudenzi, who has written one of the best psycho-pathological studies of Tasso, shows clearly that his father, Bernardo, was a man of high intelligence, of great emotional sensibility, with a tendency to melancholy as well as a mystical idealism, of somewhat weak character, and prone to invoke Divine aid in the slightest difficulty. It was a temperament that might be considered a little morbid, outside a monastery, but it was not insane, nor is there any known insanity among his near relations. This man's wife, Porzia, Tasso's mother, arouses the enthusiasm of all who ever mention her, as a creature of angelic perfection. No insanity here either, but something of the same undue sensitiveness and melancholy as in the father, the same absence of the coarser and more robust virtues. Moreover, she belonged to a family by no means so angelic as herself, not insane, but abnormal, malevolent, cruel, avaricious, almost criminal. The most scrupulous modern alienist would hesitate to deprive either Bernardo or Porzia of the right to parenthood. Yet, as we know, the son born of this union was not only a world-famous poet, but an exceedingly unhappy, abnormal, and insane man.

Let us take the case of another still greater and more famous man, Rousseau. It cannot reasonably be doubted

that, at some moments in his life, at all events, and perhaps during a considerable period, Rousseau was definitely insane. We are intimately acquainted with the details of the life and character of his relations and of his ancestry. We not only possess the full account he set forth at the beginning of his *Confessions*, but we know very much more than Rousseau knew. Geneva was paternal—paternal in the most severe sense—in scrutinizing every unusual act of its children, and castigating every slightest deviation from the straight path. The whole life of the citizens of old Geneva may be read in Genevan archives, and not a scrap of information concerning the conduct of Rousseau's ancestors and relatives, as set down in these archives, but has been brought to the light of day. If there is any great man of genius whom the activities of these fanatical eugenists would have rendered impossible it must surely have been Rousseau. Let us briefly examine his parentage. Rousseau's father was the outcome of a fine stock, which for two generations had been losing something of its fine qualities, though without sinking anywhere near insanity, criminality, or pauperism. The Rousseaus still exercised their craft with success; they were, on the whole, esteemed; Jean-Jacques's father was generally liked, but he was somewhat unstable, romantic, with no strong sense of duty, hot-tempered, easily taking offence. The mother, from a modern standpoint, was an attractive, highly accomplished, and admirable woman. In her neighbors' eyes she was not quite Puritanical enough, high-spirited, independent, adventurous, fond of innocent gaiety, but a devoted wife when, at last, at the age of thirty, she married. More than once before marriage she was formally censured by the ecclesiastical authorities for her little insubordinations,

and these may be seen to have a certain significance when we turn to her father; he was a thorough *mauvais sujet*, with an incorrigible love of pleasure, and constantly falling into well-deserved trouble for some escapade with the young women of Geneva. Thus on both sides there was a certain nervous instability, an uncontrollable wayward emotionality. But of actual insanity, of nervous disorder, of any decided abnormality or downright unfitness in either father or mother, not a sign. Isaac Rousseau and Susanne Bernard would have been passed by the most ferocious eugenicist. It is, again, a case in which the chances of convergent heredity have produced a result which, in its magnitude, in its heights and in its depths, none could foresee. Here is one of the most famous and most accurately known examples of insane genius in history, and we see what amount of support it offers to the ponderous dictum concerning the insane heredity of genius.

Let us turn from insanity to grave nervous disease. Epilepsy at once comes before us, all the more significantly since it has been considered, more especially by Lombroso, to be the special disease through which genius peculiarly manifests itself. It is true that much importance here is attached to those minor forms of epilepsy which involve no gross and obvious convulsive fit. The existence of these minor attacks is, in the case of men of genius, usually difficult to disprove, and equally difficult to prove. It certainly should not be so as regards the major form of epilepsy. Yet among the thousand and thirty persons of British genius, I was only able to find epilepsy mentioned twice, and in both cases incorrectly, for the National Biographer had attributed it to Lord Herbert of Chesham through misreading a passage in Herbert's *Autobiography*, while the "epileptic" fits of

Sir W. R. Hamilton in old age were most certainly not true epilepsy. Without doubt, no eugenicist could recommend an epileptic to become a parent. But if epilepsy has no existence in British men of genius it is improbable that it has often occurred among their parents. The loss to British genius through eugenic activity in this sphere would probably, therefore, have been nil.

Putting aside British genius, however, one finds that it has been almost a commonplace of alienists and neurologists, even up to the present day, to present glibly a formidable list of mighty men of genius as victims of epilepsy. Thus I find a well-known American alienist, lately, making the unqualified and positive statement that "Mahomet, Napoleon, Molière, Handel, Paganini, Mozart, Schiller, Richelieu, Newton, and Flaubert" were epileptics, while, still more recently, a distinguished English neurologist, declaring that "the world's history has been made by men who were either epileptics, insane, or of neuropathic stock," brings forward a similar and still larger list to illustrate that statement, with Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, the Apostle Paul, Luther, Frederick the Great, and many others thrown in, though unfortunately he fails to tell us which members of the group he desires us to regard as epileptic. Julius Cæsar was certainly one of them, but the statement of Suetonius (not an unimpeachable authority in any case) that Cæsar had epileptic fits towards the close of his life is disproof rather than proof of true epilepsy. Of Mahomet, and St. Paul also, epilepsy is alleged. As regards the first, the most competent authorities regard the convulsive seizures attributed to the Prophet as perhaps merely a legendary attempt to increase the awe he inspired by unmistakable evidence of Divine authority. The

narrative of St. Paul's experience on the road to Damascus is very unsatisfactory evidence on which to base a medical diagnosis, and it may be mentioned that, in the course of a discussion in the columns of the *British Medical Journal* during 1910, as many as six different views were put forward as to the nature of the Apostle's "thorn in the flesh." The evidence on which Richelieu, who was undoubtedly a man of very fragile constitution, is declared to be epileptic, is of the very slenderest character, merely a second-hand story in a letter of Madame, the Regent's mother. For the statement that Newton was epileptic there is absolutely no reliable evidence at all,¹ and I still await information concerning the grounds on which Mozart, Handel, and Schiller are declared to be epileptics. The evidence for epilepsy in Napoleon may seem to carry slightly more weight, for there is that in the moral character of Napoleon which we might very well associate with the epileptic temperament. It seems clear that Napoleon really had, at times, convulsive seizures which were at least epileptoid. Thus Talleyrand describes how, one day just after dinner (it may be recalled that Napoleon was a copious and exceedingly rapid eater), passing for a few minutes into Josephine's room, the Emperor came out, took Talleyrand into his own room, ordered the door to be closed, and then fell down in a fit. Bourrienne, however, who was Napoleon's private secretary for eleven years, knew nothing about any fits. It is not usual, in a

¹ The story, still uncritically repeated by eminent medical authorities, that Newton became insane in 1693 and was shut up by his friends for eighteen months, is almost as baseless. Brewster and Edleston long ago showed that on examination it proves incredible. Newton certainly exhibited some mental peculiarities which at this period were exaggerated by insomnia and a severe attack of influenza. That is the only basis for a story which Huggens heard in Holland, but nobody, so far as is known, in England, although Newton had long been a prominent personage.

true epileptic fit, to be able to control the circumstance of the seizure to this extent; and if Napoleon, who lived so public a life, furnished so little evidence of epilepsy to his environment, it may be regarded as very doubtful whether any true epilepsy existed, and on other grounds it seems highly improbable.

Of all these distinguished persons in the list of alleged epileptics it is naturally most profitable to investigate the case of the latest, Flaubert, for here it is easiest to get at the facts. His friend, Maxim du Camp, announced to the world, in his *Souvenirs*, that Flaubert was an epileptic, and Goncourt mentions in his *Journal* that he was in the habit of taking much bromide. But the "fits" never began until the age of twenty-two, which alone should suggest to a neurologist a doubt as to their true epileptic nature; they never occurred in public; he could feel the fit coming on and would go and lie down; he never lost consciousness; his intellect and moral character remained intact until death. It is quite clear that there was no true epilepsy here, nor anything like it. Flaubert was of fairly sound nervous heredity on both sides, and his father, a distinguished surgeon, was a man of keen intellect and high character. The novelist, who was of robust physical and mental constitution, devoted himself strenuously and exclusively to intellectual work; it is not surprising that he was somewhat neurasthenic, if not hysterical, and Dumesnil, who discusses this question in his book on Flaubert, concludes that the "fits" may be called hysterical attacks of epileptoid form.

It is rather strange that in these recklessly confident lists of eminent "epileptics" we fail to find the one man of distinguished genius whom perhaps we are justified in regarding

as a true epileptic. Dostoevski appears to have been an epileptic from an early age; he remained liable to epileptic fits throughout life, and they plunged him into mental dejection and confusion. In many of his novels we find pictures of the epileptic temperament, evidently based on personal experience, showing the most exact knowledge and insight into all the phases of the disease. Moreover, Dostoevski, in his own person, appears to have displayed the perversions and the tendency to mental deterioration which we should expect to find in a true epileptic. So far as our knowledge goes, he really seems to stand alone as a manifestation of genius combined with epilepsy. Yet, as Dr. Loygue remarks in his medico-psychological study of the great Russian novelist, epilepsy only accounts for half of the man, and leaves unexplained his passion for work; "the dualism of epilepsy and genius is irreducible."

Thus the impression we gain when, laying aside prejudice, we take a fairly wide and impartial survey of the facts, or even when we investigate in detail the isolated facts to which significance is most often attached, by no means supports the notion that genius springs entirely, or even mainly, from insane and degenerate stocks. In some cases, undoubtedly, it is found in such stocks, but the ability displayed in these cases is rarely of any degree near the highest. It is quite easy to point to persons of a certain significance, especially in literature and art, who, though themselves sane, possess many near relatives who are highly neurotic and sometimes insane. Such cases, however, are far from justifying any confident generalizations concerning the intimate dependence of genius on insanity.

We see, moreover, that to conclude that men of genius are rarely or never

the offspring of a radically insane parentage is not to assume that the parents of men of genius are usually of average normal constitution. That would in any case be improbable. Apart from the tendency to convergent heredity already emphasized, there is a wider tendency to slight abnormality, a minor degree of inaptness for ordinary life, in the parentage of genius. I found that in five per cent of the cases (certainly much below the real mark) of the British people of genius, one parent, generally the father, had shown abnormality from a social or parental point of view. He had been idle, or extravagant, or restless, or cruel, or intemperate, or unbusinesslike, in the great majority of these cases "unsuccessful." The father of Dickens (represented by his son in Micawber), who was always vainly expecting something to turn up, is a good type of these fathers of genius. Shakespeare's father may have been of much the same sort. George Meredith's father, again, who was too superior a person for the family-outfitting business, but never succeeded in being anything else, is another example of this large group of fathers of genius. The father in these cases is a link of transition between the normal stock and its brilliantly abnormal offshoot. In this transitional stage we see, as it were, the stock *reculer pour mieux sauter*, but it is in the son that the great leap is made manifest.

This peculiarity will serve to indicate that in a large proportion of cases the parentage of genius is not entirely sound and normal. We must dismiss absolutely the notion that the parents of persons of genius tend to exhibit traits of a grossly insane or nervously degenerate character. The evidence for such a view is confined to a minute proportion of cases, and even then is usually doubtful. But it is another

matter to assume that the parentage of genius is absolutely normal, and still less can we assert that genius always springs from entirely sound stocks. The statement is sometimes made that all families contain an insane element. That statement cannot be accepted. There are many people, including people of a high degree of ability, who can trace no gross mental or nervous disease in their families, unless remote branches are taken into account. Not many statistics bearing on this point are yet available. But Jenny Koller, in a very thorough investigation, found, at Zürich in 1895, that "healthy" people had, in twenty-eight per cent cases directly, and in fifty-nine per cent cases indirectly and altogether, a neuropathic heredity, while Otto Diem, in 1905, found that the corresponding percentages were still higher—thirty-three and sixty-nine. It should not, therefore, be matter for surprise if careful investigation revealed a traceable neuropathic element at least as frequent as this in the families which produce a man of genius.

It may further, I believe, be argued that the presence of a neuropathic element of this kind in the ancestry of genius is frequently not without a real significance. Aristotle said, in his *Poetics*, that poetry demanded a man with "a touch of madness," though the ancients, who frequently made a similar statement to this, had not our modern ideas of neuropathic heredity in their minds, but merely meant that inspiration simulated insanity. Yet "a touch of madness," a slight morbid strain—usually neurotic or gouty—in a preponderantly robust and energetic stock, seems to be often of some significance in the evolution of genius; it appears to act, one is inclined to think, as a kind of ferment, leading to a process out of all relation to its own magnitude. In the sphere of literary

genius, Milton, Flaubert, and William Morris may help to illustrate this precious fermentative influence of a minor morbid element in vitally powerful stocks. Without some such ferment as this the energy of the stock, one may well suppose, might have been confined within normal limits; the rare and exquisite flower of genius we know required an abnormal stimulation; only in this sense is there any truth at all in Lombroso's statement that the pearl of genius develops around a germ of disease. But this is the utmost length to which the facts allow us to go in assuming the presence of a morbid element as a frequent constituent of genius. Even then we only have one of the factors of genius, to which, moreover, undue importance cannot be attached when we remember how often this ferment is present without any resultant process of genius. And we are, in any case, far removed from any of those gross nervous lesions which all careful guardianship of the race must tend to eliminate.

Thus we are brought back to the point from which we started. Would eugenics stamp out genius? There is no need to minimize the fact that a certain small proportion of men of genius have displayed highly morbid characters, nor to deny that in a large proportion of cases a slightly morbid strain may, with care, be detected in the ancestry of genius. But the influence of eugenic considerations can properly be brought to bear only in the case of grossly degenerate stocks. Here, so far as our knowledge extends, the parentage of genius nearly always escapes. The destruction of genius, and its creation, alike elude the eugenicist. If there is a tendency in modern civilization towards a diminution in the manifestations of genius—which may admit of question—it can scarcely be due to any threatened elimination

of corrupt stocks. It may perhaps more reasonably be sought in the haste and superficiality which our

The Contemporary Review.

present phase of urbanization fosters, and only the most robust genius can adequately withstand.

Havelock Ellis.

SOME RECENT NOTABLE NOVELS.

It is to touch a difficult enough problem to try to say what it is makes one novel notable and another no more than interesting. It is a matter of indifference what the moment's interest of either may be; but one recurs afterwards as something not only rememberable (either may be that, according to its subject, or a trick of its handling) but definitely memorable, as something that has strangely touched such chords in the soul that the mind wishes to retain, forcefully elects to retain, the thought of the discipline it was caused to undergo. It is, of course, the rare books that do that superlatively; even as it is the rare men who produce such books. The truly bewildering thing is that the memorable is not the immediate: that in no year (as time has proved too completely) could the judgment either of the elect, from whom the critics derive their inspirations, or the broader, less questioning masses of the reading public, be trusted infallibly as to what books shall thereafter be considered memorable. It is that that makes speculation so vivid, even so exciting. One reads *The Way of Ambition*, by Mr. Robert Hichens, where the situation itself—that of a man who has his work in music to do, and who wishes only to do it faithfully, but has been drawn into a conception of ambition that is alien to him by his wife's lust for successful notoriety—is sufficient to suggest possibilities. Mr. Hichens cannot be uninteresting; but throughout the interest there is the constant thought that the possible significance in the situation has dropped out. We

know we shall not put the book up on our shelves as something we must inevitably keep despite the paucity of our shelf-room. The characters, when themselves not unreal, manage to work themselves into unreal situations, and the interest of the mind in reading is no token that the whole being has been aroused and is awakened, is concentrated stressfully on the experience. One does not think of that. The interest passes as indisputably as a skill in technique arouses it; and there is an end of it.

The emptying of a full flood of passion into a book does not alter that fact, does not woo away its central ineffectuality, as Mr. Hall Caine's *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* is enough to prove. The very force of that passion is sufficient sometimes to work itself into justifying situations. Passion remains passion, even when it is meretricious; and it may suddenly find itself, by a slight, almost unconscious shifting of the parts, speaking in its just and native accents. Over and over again, when one has been irritated and angered by the unreal theatricality, the pose, the mawkish sentiment, put on in heavy colors and continued without intermission or alleviation till the mind cries out in protest, a sudden change occurs: a restraint comes on the tale, and a readjustment causes the forces to fall into their proper places, and for awhile there are pages written as well as most living English writers could have written them—though there is never the riveting sense of style. Then the melodramatic storm comes on again; and

we refuse to give any credence to Lord Raa or Mary O'Neill, or to believe that there are such people.

Yet *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, apart from the natural publicity it might win, has been accorded an excellent advertisement in being banned by the libraries. If one accepted the plea of morality as the justification of the libraries, it would be difficult to understand their particular choices for this autumn. None of the novels they have banned, neither Mr. Hall Caine's novel, nor *The Devil's Garden* by Mr. W. B. Maxwell, nor *Sinister Street* by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, can fall under the charge of being involved in sexuality, either purely or pornographically. This does not mean that they are not involved in love, with its thwartings, its hungers, its disappointments. Novelists have long since decided that novels cannot be written without love; and it is quite plain that where love enters its pains and satisfactions must also enter. That is, however, a different thing from the handling of sexual situations; as, for example, in certain pornographic novels that have claimed so wide a circulation that the libraries peacefully distribute them without any protest. In Mr. Mackenzie's book there is not even a risky moment. The inevitable loves and dangers of adolescence are handled with extraordinary delicacy: so truly so, indeed, as even to leave an uncertain impression of their meaning. With *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* it is different; though one would have thought that the idea of a woman, just married, refusing to concede his marital rights to a man whom she discovers to have been a libertine, was just such a situation as would have pleased Pharisaism—did we not know the moral constituents of Pharisaism, and its fears of discovery. Mr. Maxwell's novel can scarcely be called a success. Its attempt

in technique not only frustrates the reader's interest, it frustrates not less surely the development of character. The onward course of narrative and the conviction of psychology are both hindered; for the essential facts necessary to the due relation of both, Mrs. Dale's "past" and William Dale's murder, are hidden from us till the sequences to which they each in turn give rise have been concluded. That is to say, we read the book wondering whence its interest is to arise, when suddenly the first fact is made known that lay behind these seemingly innocent events, ambushed by Mr. Maxwell's technique; and then we proceed similarly through the latter half of the book till the second discovery. Had these facts been given to us at the outset of the events to which they give rise, our interest would have quickened, and Mr. Maxwell would have been free to develop his characters without the fear of discovering to us what must, as things are, be carefully disguised. It is a strange technique that prohibits our interest, for the most part, in the narrative, and inhibits the narrator from giving depth of psychology to the people of his fable.

Yet to claim that these books are morally reprehensible, or that they even handle sexual events overboldly, is ridiculous. The truth, however, of a book being placed under a ban is quite other than its moral undesirability. Books are put under a ban if there is any element in them that may create such a demand as will compel the libraries to order more heavily than (or even so heavily as) for its predecessor by the same pen. The question is not moral but economic. Libraries do not find a commensurate increase of subscribers because they order twice as heavily for any given book; and so they rally together to prevent authors compelling an increase

of orders. Dozens of authors are continually being placed under this penalty; it is only the few who are better known who can turn it to the advantage of advertisement; and the libraries gain in the end, in either event. In one case they succeed in hindering an author's material advancement; in the other they get subscribers who join merely to compel them to procure a particular book.

Not the least of the injuries conferred by such a ban is the confusion of the issue. It is difficult, for instance, to speak without a bias in favor of *Sinister Street*. It is, indeed, not easy to speak at all of the book, for as yet only half, and the least interesting half as one may judge, has been given to us. The book is not a small one, yet we are only carried to the moment when Charles Michael Saxby Fane is about to proceed to Oxford. It is difficult not to resist a comparison with *John Christopher*, even though we are wrong in suspecting that Mr. Cannan's recent translation of that wonderful book was not without its influence in suggesting a larger scope of canvas to Mr. Mackenzie. There is the same wealth of detail in both; but how different in each is the method of selection. In *John Christopher* the detail is not only subordinated to the growth of Christopher's mind: it would be even a mis-statement to put it so, for it is Christopher's growth of mind that decrees the choice of detail. As we grow and thrive with Christopher so we advance along the incidents that befall. One is conditioned by the other: it is the psychology that dominates the book: if the events are multitudinous it is because the mind is many-various: and the reading of the book becomes a spiritual discipline that clings about the memory, deepening the significance of passing events in life. But in *Sinister Street* the method is the very reverse.

Outward events so usurp attention that the psychology suffers. We have described for us, in the way of example, the whole course of Fane's preoccupation with religious ritual: yet it is a preoccupation merely; not a quest, an adventure, a passion. It is as though Fane stood by, a cipher, while this procession passed before him, carefully and justly described by Mr. Mackenzie; with the result that in the degree in which Mr. Mackenzie succeeds in arousing our interest in the procession of events our interest in Michael Fane diminishes. The procession remains external; it has no correspondence in Michael Fane's mind; and our interest remains so far external that we find it hard to believe in such a person as Fane. We do not see him objectively; nor has he created an intense experience for us, into which we are introduced and compelled to live. It is possible, to be sure, that the next volume may give him personality; but it is hard to believe that it will when one lengthy volume has failed to do so.

It is, we may suspect, the question of length that has brought the difficulty. Diffusion has caused irrelevance. Had he, by a limit of space, been compelled to compress his matter, that increased tensivity might quite conceivably have given Michael Fane a growing personality. It does not avail to quote "French and Russian literature" by way of defence, for the length of these proceeds through intensification and not through diffusion. Dostöevski may be taken as the supreme example; and he serves the better as an example inasmuch as Mrs. Garnett's translations in the new complete edition that Mr. Heinemann is issuing have undeniably caused him to exert a very considerable influence on the younger writers. Hitherto the greatness of Dostöevski has been apparent in spite of the translations in

which he has appeared—some of them egregious and intolerable; but now that his novels are appearing, and appearing collectedly, in a translation that is in itself excellent literature, the power of that colossal mind is exerting itself. A first reading of *The Idiot* is an experience not hastily to be forgotten. It is a spiritual adventure, and a very beautiful spiritual adventure. Dostoevski's profound faith enables him to lead us into the strangest of possible company without ever losing hold of a compelling humanity; and so he composes extravagant situations because they permit him to display human souls more simply and essentially because more dramatically and intensely. And above it all shines the figure of Myshkin, one of the most remarkable creations in literature. That the reappearance of such a writer in two of his greatest novels, *The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Idiot*, should not fail in its influence is only natural. It is even desirable; for all art draws on its roots in the past, and were it to be maintained that Dostoevski is the greatest novelist that has yet written that would be a contention hard to gainsay.

The increased length of novels is probably one aspect of that influence. There seems some justification for that when it is recalled that one hundred and seventy-six closely printed pages, the whole of the first book in fact, of *The Idiot*, is concerned with the happenings of one single day. Yet how closely packed it is! An immense range of characters has been introduced, perfectly marshalled, each set in a psychology that is never obvious, never easy, always at a considerable remove, compact and deeply introspective; a sequence of events has been carefully ordered that displays inventive skill and a great power of culmination; so that, when the day is concluded in that extraordinary scene in Nastashya's

room, it is incredible that we have but lived through a day and not a year, so intense has life been, and so fully and completely aware of itself. The length is compact of the stuff of psychology, of faith, never of external reproduction; and to that creative fecundity it is impossible to put a limit since it evolves itself, spinning its own form from within.

It is this same power of evolution from within, with the endlessness of interest it suggests, that has led to what may be called the hunting of the trilogy. We have yet to see the third volume in Mr. Arnold Bennett's trilogy that began with *Clayhanger* and continued with *Hilda Lessways*. The considerable declension of interest in the second of these volumes, not to speak of its incompleteness and a certain feeling of spentness, makes the advent of the third volume of curious interest. In the meantime, however, Mr. Bennett has taken up "The Card" and turned him into "The Regent." With a trick for striking "moments," cultivated, as we may believe, by his recent successes in playwriting, he exerts himself continually to maintaining a vivid, if not illuminating, interest on each page. To a degree he succeeds; but the trick tires; and *The Regent* is but journeyman work for a passing market.

The first completed trilogy, however, is by Mr. Oliver Onions. He has carried his hunt to its finish, and we may judge of the result. It is interesting, in passing, to note how it coincides with the desire for greater length. With the coming of the one-volume six-shilling novel it was inevitable that the tradesman-novelist (that is to say, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand novelists) would soon perceive that he received precisely the same price for a seventy-thousand-word book as for a two-hundred-thousand-word book. That is, he could triple

his income for the same amount of work. The average publisher also preferred it, since it implied a less expensive book to produce. The library subscriber preferred it, since it meant a perter situation, more immediate methods and ground more quickly covered. That it was not possible in this space to produce more than a *Conte* trickily spun out, mattered little, and the vogue became a habit, with the result that even novelists with a sense of artistry thought only in that medium. When therefore to one of these the wholesome desire came to extend his canvas, in a newer, more general wish to create people rather than to invent situations, it was distinctly curious that he should combine both lengths by a trilogy on the same situation. In *Accordance with the Evidence* showed no more than the way in which a man, thinking out his ground carefully, may commit murder, and yet, in accordance with the evidence, make it appear no more than suicide. There were the suggestions of human relations, the possibilities of concentrated psychology, all those discoveries and recoveries that go to make a book memorable, implicit in the theme, could they have been worked out, and had the space permitted. The space, however, did not permit. The working out of the situation preoccupied the whole of the allotted space; and the characters could do little more than hint what they might have become had there been the opportunity. So Mr. Onions gave us *The Debit Account*. Jeffries, having dismissed Archie Merridew, is free now to wed Evie Soames, and he writes the continuation of his tale, showing how the knowledge of his deed broke past him, leading to the tragic conclusion. Yet that is not enough: so far we have only heard Jeffries' aspect of the case. Therefore the most intimate onlooker, outside the actual participants in the

heat of the action, is chosen; and in *The Story of Louie* the history is told from the point of view of Louie Caus-ton. It must be admitted that the diversity in the points of view is not sufficient to create a sufficiently varying interest. There is a great sameness: a sameness that tells particularly in the last book of the three, where the interest flags because of the reader's continual anticipation, without being supported by so forceful and separate a psychology that the whole history of events seem to be transmuted into another story. That is how Browning, with a right instinct, supported *The Ring and the Book*. Nevertheless, the trilogy is the best thing Mr. Onions has as yet done; and there is much remarkable psychology. He has, more recently, sought relaxation in *The Two Kisses*, and discovered it both for himself and for the average subscriber at the libraries.

It is not relaxation, however, that Mr. C. E. Montague seeks in *The Morning's War*, where the vivacious style flags not, nor is wearied. Unfortunately it is not always commensurate with its matter. Where Mr. Montague has to describe how Aubrey Browne and June Hathersage struck the comradeship, that came to be touched with the lyric of love, on the Dent Rouge, we receive a description of the glory of the heights, of the glory of taming the heights, such as we do not know where to match in literature. It is itself as sharp and as rare as the authentic experience; and the vivid style superbly matches the thing it describes. But in the portrayal of the business of the fable it is inadequate to convey the information that is indispensable; with the result that the book, being the novel it is, fails in its primary concern. This failure is strangely conspicuous in its terrible conclusion. When Aubrey discovered he was June's cousin, the son of a

priest and a nun who had recanted their vows, it is plain that the main purport of the novel is about to begin. All the rest is mainly introductory to this situation. June, a devout Catholic (though it transpires that she is not so, so well have both Aubrey and ourselves been deceived), has a challenge thrown to her; so, too, has Aubrey, in his differing way; and it should be profoundly interesting to see them work it out between them. But where this discovery, instead of being the beginning of things, is taken as the cue for a cruel and unnecessary ending of things, a brutal announcement from Aubrey to June that he no longer loves her, and his accidental and horrible wounding, that is again only baulked of its death to fall to an irresolute conclusion—we cry out in revolt at a novelist shirking his task so supinely, and subjecting us to so ineffectual a pain. Then we read the *Dent Rouge* scenes again, and we realize that the virtue of the book is its glorification, in excited and lyrical phrases, of certain zests of life, not its perplexedness or adequacy.

The same thing, in its differing way, may be said of *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, by Mr. Algernon Blackwood. It is never Mr. Blackwood's allotted task to treat of the emotional commerce, or any other commerce, of humanity. He has created for himself a separate art, where the more legitimate intuitions and discoveries of the poet are spun into fables whose purpose it is to expound and illuminate them. It is its own remark on this separate office of his that his stories are often good as stories in the very degree of their weakness as imaginative conceptions: and *vice versa*. The central thought of *The Centaur*, for instance, was arresting—arresting because of its simplicity and truth: but it made a poor fable. *A Prisoner in Fairyland* is fanciful rather than im-

aginative: it makes a good fable, though Mr. Blackwood has unnecessarily weakened this by drawing it out to an exorbitant length.

The fault of being overfanciful may not be laid to the charge of Mr. Gilbert Cannan: not, at least, in *Round the Corner*, which is, in fact, as depressing a "slice of life" as it would be possible to find. Mr. Cannan has dealt faithfully with his subject in the main; so that the depression is due not to him, save in the strange vagary of his choice, but to his theme. He is not wholly just; for a man in the degree of monetary comfort that the Rev. Francis Folyat can claim does not live in quite the outwardly sordid way that Mr. Cannan depicts. In his foreword he declares it as his faith that "human life . . . like a river, if it be fouled, will run itself clear in time." He adds, however, "only, you must trace the poison to its source and stop it." A statement such as that is open to the retort that to reproduce, and so to increase, the poisonous source is not necessarily to trace it to its source in order to stop it. Life is, indeed, "round the corner" in the depressing middle-class futilities he so faithfully depicts. Yet in reproducing them so faithfully, of his book, too, it may be said that life is "round the corner"; and how then shall its winds reach to us, to cleanse us and exalt us? There may or may not be, in futile derivation, a likeness between *Round the Corner* and Samuel Butler's *Way of All Flesh*. But in Butler's book the salutary element was there, if only in a caustic, bracingly caustic, flavor. In *Round the Corner* there is none of this. Gusts of the wind reach the one, even at Ashpit Place, and its disastrous experiment; but with the other they are always round the corner, save in the incursions of Serge, to whose appearances we begin anxiously to look forward. He went abroad to the colonies,

and therefore returned with the stuffy-mindedness blown out of him—which does not inevitably happen, we may remark—but he is the only member of the Folyat family, whose history is put before us, who is not small, petty, vulgar—aye, and utterly worthless. Annette is, by instinct, otherwise; but she too goes the same way, though her departure is a steady tragedy. There is no foothold for faith or courage; and in that the book condemns itself. To set one's face against the rose-pink in life it is not necessary to see only the drab-gray.

How different is the attitude in Miss May Sinclair's *The Combined Maze*—which, for ourselves, with Mr. D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Passionate Friends*, and Mr. Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude*, we claim as our findings, thus far, for this year. The difference between the two attitudes is one of a faith that remains aloof, even academic, and of a faith that stands forth shining. "This Combined Maze has been a bit too much for you and me," so Ranny tells Winny Dymond. But he is wrong; he is tragically wrong: in his clean, true, taut courage, and her fine, invincible love, they show how life leaves them victors still, though their victory, in the amazing muddle of things, finds them stark, with nothing desirable for their days save their finished and simple heroism. There is no trace of sentimentality in Miss Sinclair's writing. In fact, in its tense muscularity the style suffers, becoming jerky when, as too often, it falls of the smoother incision. Its resolute will not to permit spare flesh—not to be, as Ranny would say, "flabby"—overreaches itself in this particular matter; but, even so, it is a proof of Miss Sinclair's courage. Ranny, caught so hopelessly by the fineness in him by Violet, who is, as she herself well knows, naturally dissolute of desire, is a tragic figure in

his suffering. He is tragic because his courage is high though his life is scarred. The contrast between Violet and Winny Dymond is a little obvious: it lacks the suppleness that brings conviction; it is set too much in antithesis. The fault is Violet's; we do not altogether give her credence before, not after, her marriage. Nor is Winny, during this awkward and essential movement, altogether convincing; for it is hard to believe that she would not permit Ranny to meet and claim her, as he patently wished to do, before he had a chance of meeting Violet, as she feared he would. But Miss Sinclair atones for this indecision in her portraiture by giving us in Winny a comrade in all ways worthy of Ranny, even as he was in all ways worthy of her; though Violet, tossed from man to man, comes in the end to stand finally between them. There are tears in the book—dark tears indeed—but they are tears that clear the vision and bequeath courage to the will. For there is a spirit in the book that gives life: such a spirit as makes us lament its lack of grace and eloquent form.

There is more *Fortitude* in Ranny, in his remoteness, his removal from all the fineness of life in the "Paradise of Little Clerks" than Peter Westcott displays, or is called upon to display, in Mr. Walpole's novel of that name. There is much usage of meaningless words in speaking of literature; and one of the chief of those words is reality. It is assumed by some that ugliness is reality: which surely is an inversion of all just meaning. Ranny, in his stuffy suburban villa, his slattern wife, his penury, is true by a touch far other than his depressing circumstances. Peter Westcott, whether in a doss-house in the East End or as a successful author in Chelsea, falls of that truth. There are false colors in the book, mere picturesqueness of characterization, insincere situations. This

is partly due to Mr. Walpole's greater daring in spreading a wider canvas. He, more than any other, one would say, has felt the influence of Dostoevski: the same extravagance of characterization is there, though without the sudden significance; the same crowding of the canvas, without the order and sense of direction. There is something unreal about each of the characters in the book: about Stephen, about Zanti, about Peter's father; all of whom are less themselves than symbolic tokens of certain possibilities in human relation. Peter Westcott says "Things were hard, so I made them into a story—I colored them up": and that is what Mr. Walpole has done. There is no need why that story should not wear its own new significance, a significance even possibly nearer to the heart of things; and that, to be sure, is partly what happens, despite the false coloring. Nora Monogue is the truest figure in the book; and it is significant, therefore, that it should be she who sends Peter back to the business of life when he returned, a beaten man, to his father, whose symbolic quality is a confusing element in the book. There is a touch of Steerforth about "Cards." Yet though there is more of endeavor than achievement in *Fortitude*, it is a noteworthy book, since endeavor itself is a kind of achievement. If the strength is untutored, the strength is yet there. By its power, and by that incalculable thing, vision, the book takes its place as one of rank.

It is when one comes to read Mr. Wells's *The Passionate Friends* that one realizes, suddenly, the value of a mastery of craftsmanship. Its style, for one thing, is sinuous and easy; its sentences balance themselves, and fall into apt rhythms, so that there is always the sense of orderly arrangement. Moreover, by his very skill in craftsmanship Mr. Wells permits him-

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self long dissertations by the way on sociological problems throughout the world, giving them a certain fitness in their place. It is when Stephen Stratton is compelled to give his pledge that he will absent himself from England for three years that he travels and, by the agency of his pen, gives his creator an opportunity to let loose his roving intelligence. Unfortunately, this very discursiveness loosens our hold on Stephen Stratton himself. Despite ourselves we have not a great deal of sympathy either with him or with Lady Mary—which two are the passionate friends in question. She rejects him to enter into an impossible marriage with Justin the millionaire: rejects him, if we may believe her, in order to keep him as a friend. Her own knowledge of passionate moments previously with him, we would imagine, would have given her a better knowledge than that. Yet so it is; and he goes out to the war in South Africa to find relief in action. On his return the two meet again; and once again she becomes not paradoxical, which is human nature, but impossible. She wishes to keep Stratton as a kind of love-page—with a husband on one hand who has undertaken a pledge of chastity, and Rachel More on the other, with whom Stratton has half come to an understanding—nor will she stand out in the open and make a clean and honest issue of it. The amazing thing is that Mr. Wells really makes us believe in the situation while we read. That is the amazing ease of his craftsmanship. And there are moments that are finely, as well as skillfully, wrought: such as the last meeting between the two, and, particularly, occasions during the war.

The strength of the book is when it is static, not when it is dynamic. Then the ease becomes mastery. In the emotional repulsions and attractions, Mr. Wells draws upon his skill

to lull our minds into a temporary security for the purpose of his tale. The very opposite tendency characterizes Mr. D. H. Lawrence's powerful book *Sons and Lovers*. It is, incidentally, as daring a novel as we know in English, though it is conspicuously honest and upright. It is a haunting and strange book—haunting in its very failure, since its introspective knowledge is never accompanied by the wisdom that perceives the cause of these repulsions and attractions that so perplexedly sway Paul and Miriam. It would be easy to leap to pert judgments; and they would not fail in their degree of contempt possibly; but Mr. Lawrence simply searches and sets forth the result of his search in order that we may see Paul Morel and Miriam and Clara and Mrs. Morel moving about one another, continually repelling and continually attracting. The knowledge with which all this is set forth is extraordinarily intimate, yet it is knowledge without wisdom. That is to say, Mr. Lawrence sees clearly and accurately, but he never over-sees; he has insight but never oversight; with the result that, like men, we may just blindly know and never, like gods, un-

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derstand. That is not the great creative way, and its result is inevitably a strong morbidity. Mr. Lawrence stands perplexed in his own scene; like all perplexed people, not a little petulant moreover; and this drives him again to a further, somewhat morbid, indisputably accurate, introspection of attractions and repulsions, carnal and spiritual. The dark colliery landscapes, the simple collier's home, give a just setting for this emotional interplay. It is a part of Mr. Lawrence's method that our sympathies are never truly enlisted for any of his characters. Miriam and Mrs. Morel enlist them most securely, though they repel each other violently. There is no tragedy in Paul, for he is weak in strength of purpose and in considerate knowledge; but there is tragedy in Miriam, and it is with her our sympathies go, while a haunting perplexity is stirred in us by Paul Morel. It is, as we have said, a powerful book; and had its power been touched with wisdom it might have been a great book. Its style, too, is static rather than communicative, for a great style only goes with a wise understanding.

Darrell Figgis.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mill.

Roger was glad, during the next month or two, that he had no time to look backward. With a laugh for the world as he met it on the roads, and a dull, stifled pain at his heart, he went about his business. There were the horses to be sold, all save two—his own favorite cob and a sturdy chestnut that Mrs. Holt and Adeline could drive about the hilly country. There were men-servants to be dis-

missed, because—bitterly against the grain—he had to save at every turn, not only to keep a roof over his mother's head, but to put a slender balance into a new account he had opened at his bank. Tenants had to be seen, too, and his days were crowded.

Mrs. Holt watched him go out each morning, resolute and dogged, saw him come home o' nights, tired out; and again she was bewildered by the way of this north-country that was hers by marriage. The zest he had given to

sports was turned into another channel. He had chosen his line across country and was following it, fair weather or foul, with his whole heart in the business. But she did not know how often he needed to go up the hill to Marshcotes kirkyard, and respond to the dumb appeal of Jonathan Shaw, who asked men to pray for his soul's peace. That was the secret of his strength to conquer heart-sickness; for he read his father's name on the headstone, and little by little—no big deed is ever ripened hurriedly—the debt to Adeline took on a glamor of its own.

When all was settled, and he was riding for the last time to put the business of his house in order, he came home by way of Two Laws, where the toll-bar was that separated the sister counties of York and Lancaster. Ahead of him he saw a horsewoman trotting fast; and the grayness of the coming days was swept aside as if keen sunlight flooded all the moor. He gave chase. If it were to be his last hunting-day, it should be a galloping one.

Cicely's mare heard the thud of hoofs, far up the road, and broke into a gallop, too; she had her own pride of country, like her mistress, and would not be outpaced by any casual horse that tried to overtake her.

The race was swift. When they came within sight of the crossways—one road branching right-handed down the hill to Marshcotes, the other going to the pleasant house of Oldfield, bordered by its sycamores—Roger was fifty yards behind. Cicely did not turn her head to see who the pursuer was; the going was too furious, and the little mare had infected her with a sharp desire to win their race.

Just at her own gate he overtook her, passed with a laugh, and reined about as soon as he could check his horse.

"It was a good race, Cicely—but I

won it," he said, with the old infectious laugh.

"By a neck only—and you're mounted on a hulking brute, Roger, that could swallow my little mare at a gulp."

He had captured her; and yet there was no joy in the victory, now that he remembered.

"He's a good brute," he said, stooping to pat the horse's lathered flanks—"and he's sold, Cicely. I sold him yesterday, but asked grace for a last ride with him to-day."

She looked at him with frank, disconcerting question. "What is it, Roger?" she asked, "You are selling all your horses, they tell me. I—I did not need to hear your news through parish gossip—in the old days."

He was silent. It had been hard to leave Oldfield and the pleasant, easy-going life, harder still to go down into the sweating din of looms that broke men's lives on the wheel of trade. But the fiercest onset met him now. The quiet, October peace—the sundown, golden-brown and mellow, lighting ruddy leafage to a gallant end, in sure hope of the next spring's resurrection—Cicely here, bright with the boy's dreams and the man's dreams he had woven round her—it was all too hard. He simply could not let her go.

They had come to the narrow bridge that every man, soon or late, is asked to hold against long odds. And Roger did not know—he had believed for so long that he was easy-going—that he could resist so bright and lovable an enemy as this. Youth called to youth. They were bound together by many hunting days, by many scrambles over hill and dale in search of peewit's eggs, or bilberries, or any excuse for a heedless scamper in the far-off days of childhood. He could not let her go.

Cicely had not been well of late. Some trouble from without—a vague, intangible evil round her that no healthiness of body could get rid of—

had quickened her outlook on life. In rude health, folk are apt to be like the cattle of the fields—eating and chewing the cud, and sleeping afterwards, to wake up for the same orderly routine. But sickness can be a stimulant.

She knew that he was fighting hard and selflessly. And all the child in her wanted him to loose the battle, and claim her while her heart was beating to the Pan-pipes up the hill. But the woman in her asked him to be sturdy, whether the unguessed reason of his fight were right or wrong.

He came through the daft hazard of it all, thinking himself as usual a fool for his pains. "I'm going to build a mill, Cicely," he said, like a man waking from a dream.

She, too, was quiet for a moment. Then she laughed, with an aching heart. "How will you begin, Roger? *Moi qui vous parle*—I ask you, what do you know about mills?"

"You put one stone on another, Cicely, till the thing is roofed. Then you hoist a flag—and after that you get to business."

"I can see you building your mill—I can see you quarrying the stone for it with your two hands—but, Roger, when it comes to getting to business? What do you know of it?"

"Nothing. I'm going to learn, just as you learned French and deportment over in Brussels yonder."

She tried to laugh him out of it, tried to beguile him out of it; and then, with an intuition that numbed her, she realized that he was in earnest, beyond reach of blandishment or raillery.

"Oh, Roger—it's such a waste of a life."

He would not glance at her. The old unrest and waywardness were troubling him again. Cicely's glamor was bright and urgent, and spring was in his blood in spite of autumn weather.

But under it all there was a pitiful cry—as if a child, left out in the rain, appealed to him for aid—as if the dead in Marshcotes kirkyard, able to do no more in this world, asked others to write off outstanding debts for them.

"I have chosen it, anyhow," he said, sharply.

Into the silence that followed Cicely's mother intruded. She had heard voices at the gate, and came lazily up the drive to learn what guest had come. It was odd that so commonplace and dreary a woman should have borne a child so true to the moor-type as Cicely. The father, after all—though he had married for money—had found strength to keep the realities of race alive.

"I hear you're selling your horses, Roger," she said, greeting him with cold disapproval.

"Yes. I got good prices for them, Mrs. Demaine," he assented cheerfully.

She grew waspish. Roger had always dwarfed her self-importance, somehow. "Since you were 'a boy, Roger, you always had the large air—and little money."

"And now—bless me, I'm going to have the stifled air—and, perhaps, money at the end of it."

"You never could make it. You can spend; and you can laugh when soberer folk would be crying; but, as for making money——"

"I suppose it's laughable," he said, boyish and disconcerting as of old; "but there's no harm in trying, Mrs. Demaine."

Once, after he had said good-bye and gone down the road, he turned in saddle. Cicely was still at the gate, and all the moorside, all that was worth while, was summed up in that little figure watching him out of sight. For one moment, packed with bitterness, he resented again the dead hand that had laid a debt on him. It was

not fair that he was asked to give up all that Cicely meant to him. The struggle ahead seemed futile, endless. He could build a mill; he could put a loom or two into it, trusting to add others by-and-by; but Cicely was right when she laughed at him for his lack of business knowledge. He could only fail at the venture. Better marry, as his father had done, and thrive on debts in the old, haphazard way. It was not fair that he was asked to pay Adeline a fantastic debt of honor.

Not fair! The feel of his horse under him, the smell of the uplands, rebuked him sharply. All hazards were fair, as he had learned life in the hunting field; they were part of the day's game.

He rode forward in great trouble, of heart and soul. He was in the thick of giving up, and doubt was weaving cobwebs round him, hindering his vision. Just after he had turned right-handed into Tim Lane, a big, raking figure of a man came up the hill, and the Squire reined up. It was his keeper's son, and the days of their boyhood together on the moors had not been forgotten when Dan Reddlough chose to go into the big mill at Marshcotes, and earn good money as a weaver there, and push his way up until they made him foreman.

"You're looking glum, Dan."

"I'm feeling glum, Mr. Roger—Squire, I should be saying. They've sacked me at th' mill, and I've a wife and two little 'uns wondering where daily bread is coming fro'."

"Sacked you?"

"Ay. Th' malster seemed to fancy I war a beast he war driving to market. He war out o' temper, and he said things to me I'll not thoyle from any man, gentle or simple. And I answered him back, I did; for I have my pride, though it lands us all I th' workhouse."

Roger got down from his horse. Help

had come to him along this Barguest-haunted lane, and he proposed to talk on foot, man to man, with his deliverer.

"Dan," he said, "how long does it take to build a mill?"

"It depends on the size, Squire."

"Oh, a littlish mill—with a quarry near."

"It could be done i' two months, with men—not idle-bones—to build it."

"So we could get it built before the winter came in earnest?"

"I don't just follow ye," said Reddlough, glancing to see if the other had chosen an unlikely time for jesting.

"No, of course you don't. I'm not sure I understand myself.—You needn't tell the wife your news just yet, Dan. Come down to Marsh to-morrow morning, and we'll talk things over. I can find a job for you, maybe."

Dan scratched his head. "Well, it's kind o' ye—but I own it seems queer to think of a Holt finding a mill-job for any man. Lord, how the old Squire hated trade! He couldn't thoyle it, nohow."

Roger, knowing himself impulsive, thought the matter out that evening—hour after hour, as he paced the garden—and through the night he dreamed of it; but the morning found him only surer that his first idea was sound. When Reddlough came down, just after breakfast, he met him in the lane, and together they went up-stream till they reached Eller Beck Mead.

"This is where the mill is going to be," he said, pointing to the meadow that was already thick with its second crop of "fog" grass.

"But whose mill, Squire? You reckoned you never would sell this snug bit o' land."

Roger thought of the sheep-slayer, of his tracks in the grass a few months since, of what followed. He remembered, too, many battles with Oldroyd on this same spot. "My own mill, Dan."

There was a keen zest in his voice—a zest savage and relentless. "You know Oldroyd?"

"I reckon we all know Oldroyd."

"He told me where he'd build the mill, if I sold the land to him—and where he'd build his dams—and what the running power of the stream was worth, every hour it goes to waste. Oh, he didn't know, Dan, what he was teaching me."

"And for naught, too. I niver knew Oldroyd give owt for nowt before. But, Squire, I'm thick-headed, and allus war. What use would a mill be to ye when ye'd bigged it?"

"None at all—if you hadn't come up Tim Lane last night. You know the way of machinery?"

"Fro' top to toe."

"And combing and weaving?"

"Combing, ay—and weaving, in my own line o' cloth. Shalloons were th' only weaving they did i' the mill they sacked me fro'."

"What are shalloons?" asked the other, with a sudden laugh.

"There, Squire! Stick to horses and dogs, I tell ye, for ye'll niver make naught at trade. Not to know shalloons fro' worsteds is like not knowing tummits fro' oats."

"But *you* know, Dan, and by and by you're going to teach me. We could build this mill before the winter, you say?"

"Unless summat fair outrageous happened i' the way o' weather. It's nobbut the turn o' the leaf as yet, and a snod few weeks to go afore aught but kitling frosts. But you can't tell—weather and wives, they're full of whimsies like an egg is full o' meat."

"What wages were you getting down yonder?"

"Thirty shillings a week. I thought it too little, till I lost it; but now it seems a lot. It would have put food into the bairns' mouths—let alone the wife's."

"I'll give you double, with a rise when our luck comes in—the wages dating from to-day."

Reddlough paced up and down. It seemed too good to be true, this quick removal of disaster. Then he remembered old kindnesses received from the living Squire and the dead—the little courtesies of every day, that mean so much in the long run between country neighbors—and he turned at bay. He understood at last what the other had in mind.

"Take my advice, Maister Roger. You can't know what it means. But I know. Get these mill-masters up to the moors, with a horse or a gun, and you can laugh at them—but let them get ye down to the mills, and they'll have the laugh. You're too warm o' heart, Squire, for yond devil's humming o' the looms. Looms nag at a man. They go on telling th' same tale, ower and ower again, till a body country bred and born scarce knows how to keep his wits about him."

"Do you join me at three pounds a week, Dan, or not? You'll want all your wits about you—wits for two, until I've learned this game of weaving cloth."

"You're in dead earnest?" asked Reddlough, arrested by the new air the Squire carried. "Have ye a thought o' what it means?"

Roger went back along the little strip of Calvary he had trodden since his father died. The guns he had oiled with great carefulness, knowing he would not need them for years to come—the horses he had sold, beasts human in their appeal to old association—Cicely, last and greatest surrender of them all—Cicely, radiant as a summer's day when bees were humming in the ling—he did not wonder that he went with bleeding feet, now that he remembered the hardships of the road behind.

"I've thought of what it means," he said at last.

It was a moment of sharp and intimate communion. Doubts of the road ahead were swept aside. Reddlough knew only that the Squire had sought his aid, and must have it through the days to come; and he put out a hand impulsively.

"I'm your man, Squire," he said.

The bargain was sealed, for good and all; and, had they known it, they had found grace, through all the din of looms, to return to feudal days when in great simplicity master and man pledged troth to guard and serve each other.

A week later Roger had re-opened the quarry on the moor—long disused—from which Marsh House itself had once been built. Then trees were felled in the dene—and with every tree that crashed to earth there went a heart-ache and a flood of memories. While the six men he had hired to win and hew the stones were working, he and Dan Reddlough were journeying out to Halifax or Bradford, buying looms, or returning to see that the two stalwarts who were digging the foundations of the mill were not idle at their task.

"I see it now," said Dan, at the end of one of these hardworking days.

"What do you see?" snapped the Squire, who was tired and hungry.

"Oh, you're galloping—a Holt to the bone o' ye—I reckon ye'll make money one day, just as you rode your fences once."

"I'm seeing it that way, Dan," said the Squire.

When the foundations were dug out, and all in readiness for the quarried stone, Roger moved his six navvies higher up the dene. With grim recollection of his talks with Oldroyd he was able to advise Dan Reddlough for once. The fall of the land was so steep that they had better make three

dams, tier on tier, instead of one.

"Where did you learn it all?" asked Dan, in sheer wonderment.

"From Phineas Oldroyd."

"We're going to make money, Squire, me and you. Durned if you're not Marshcotes bred, thick and thin. It was a rare joke to get Phineas planning your dams for you."

October the wizard came blandishing the moorside. The few beeches left in the Mead—those at the upper end, above the dams—were red as flame when the sundown swept across them; and each night as Roger left his work, he turned against his will for a last glance at the trees. Years since Cicely and he had come through this wood together, had watched the beech-leaves dancing in the breeze, had heard the fairies sing. It all seemed remote, part of a dream-world lost long ago. To-day there was the song of pick and spade and chisel: soon there would be the roar of looms; the fairies had departed up the hill o' dreams, for good and all.

Each night he fought the trouble out between the Mead and Marsh House; for he was resolute in his desire to keep all the wear and tear of the new days from Mrs. Holt. She let him think she did not know; and sometimes, as she took her candle from his hand and went up to bed, she would stand for awhile, looking out on the misty autumn garden.

"Ah, the lad's blindness!" she would murmur. "He does not know how much—how much a mother sees."

Another trouble harassed Roger. While he was directing the work in the Mead, or at the quarry, he would hear men shooting on the moor above. He resented the task that kept him here; but he resented more the knowledge that alien folk, for the first time in its history, were shooting over Marshcotes Moor. True, the price they had paid was helping him to build his

mill; but his pride found no consolation in the thought. And at these times he would take his coat off, and work among his men with a speed that was almost fury—a speed that shamed them into following his lead.

Meanwhile, the mill went up, stone on stone; and with its rise there went that steady conquering of self-pity that dogged him each night to the gate of Marsh. And there came to him, in meeting heartache fairly and killing it, a strength that in itself was almost peace.

One day in late November—a crisp wind from the moors rattling the beech-leaves and putting heart into a man—he was busy helping to set the heavy water-wheel in place. A mill-owner here and there in Marshcotes had adopted the new-fangled steam-engines; but there was no need for Roger to waste fuel, when he had Eller Beck to do his work for him without price asked for coal and cartage.

Somehow he had a superstition about this settling of the mill-wheel into place. He was dismayed for a moment when a clumsy workman lost his hold on the winch, and all but let the wheel crash down into its bed. The other men held firm—himself the hardest puller of them all—and at last the wheel sat trim and workmanlike between its blocks of millstone-grit.

"She's safe home, Dan," said the Squire, with a return of the boyish laugh he had lost of late.

"Ay, safe, Squire. I reckon she's ready to earn her dally bread—and yours and mine, happen, in between-whiles."

A squat, four-square figure of a man came down the slope, and leered at Roger with a malice so outspoken as to be ludicrous. "I've watched ye bigging your mill—many a time, when ye didn't know I war looking on—and I've laughed, I have. The fun's just beginning, Squire."

Roger, in past days, had been rubbed raw by Oldroyd's intrusions into the Mead. Now, to his surprise, he was tolerant and debonaire. He knew that the wheel was settled firmly into place. "It is, Oldroyd. The whole moor is laughing at the fun."

The workmen grinned at each other. There was to be a battle of tongues, and they backed "young Squire," because he looked the cooler of the two.

"Laughing?" growled Phineas. "I should think it war. Squires can ride for frolic, and they can take their dandy airs down Marshcotes street—but we've got one o' the breed into trade—and, begow, he'll learn summat afore we've done wi' him."

"The moorside's laughing for a different reason, Phineas. It was you who told me how much water-power was going to waste—you who planned the dams—and I'm the first man, they tell me, to get 'summat for nowt' from Phineas Oldroyd. It's a good start in business."

Oldroyd had trouble of his own at the mill in Marshcotes. He had cowed his men by brute force of the wages they needed, and knew that if the threatened strike made headway his hands would be the first to leave the looms. And all depended on the next few months; he had a big enterprise in the handling—the biggest of his life—and the ruin of it would mean beggary for him. His temper had ridden rough-shod lately over man or woman who thwarted his one aim; and now the man's blatant self-control, his gospel that nothing mattered except "getting-on in life," forsook him suddenly. He had ridden an evil horse, and found himself thrown into the ditch.

He looked round him, dazed and helpless. His nerve had left him, so utterly that the lookers-on grew pitiful and ashamed, as if they had jeered at a cripple in their midst. From the

knot of men Oldroyd picked out at last Dan Reddough's big figure.

"All's in the losing, Dan," he said quietly. "Thou'st the best foreman ever breaked, lad—and I lost ye—lost ye to the Squire. He allus had the luck, somehow."

Roger, as he went home to Marsh, had no sense of luck, present or to come. His enemy had lain prostrate in the mud before him, and he liked him better in the rough, aggressive mood. So far as Oldroyd was concerned, there was nothing more to fight; and he missed the stimulus.

As he came over the bridge this side of Marsh he met Cicely crossing to the village.

"The mill-wheel's settled into place," he said—thinking, in the man's way, that she must understand all that had gone to the silence and the hardship of three months.

She dropped him a French curtsey, laughed at him, and looked as winsome as a lass of seventeen, instead of a staid maiden who was nearing twenty.

"Good luck to your dreary mill-wheel, Roger. I—I loathe it."

"Why?" He was curt these days, for he had gone down into the world of battle. "It's for you, in the long run, Cicely."

She turned, a radiance in her face. There was no play-acting now, but simply a maid with her heart on fire, as the beeches were in Eller Beck Mead.

"For me? Roger, is it for me you're building your mill? How foolish—when I did not need it."

There was something to fight for in earnest now. It was so easy to lie—easier still to let his heart speak out and have done with restlessness. Then he remembered the mill-wheel ready for its work—remembered, too, a lean-

ing headstone. He must wait, as better men had done before his time.

It was a grim struggle, quick, decisive. When it was over, he tried to tell her the reason of his mill-building; but again he was checked, for it was his father's secret, not his own.

"We've been half-ruined, Cicely, ever since I was a lad," he said at last. "It would have been full ruin if I hadn't done something."

She was silent. In the childish days she would have explained, with entire sincerity, that she could help him with her own money, if that were all his trouble. But she had learned more of the world since then. She grew fiery on Roger's behalf; men of small ideals, men who had no right to wealth, because they had not learned the use of it, were making fortunes, while he was fighting to prop up a falling house.

"It's a waste of a life," she said again.

Roger, through his pain and weariness, only laughed. "Or the gain of a life," he answered lazily. But he did not tell her that he was thinking of his father, who nominally had been laid to rest.

They parted—she thinking of their living needs, his own and hers, and he thinking mainly of the dead. A gulf had opened wide between them, not of their own digging.

Cicely, as she went up the hill, had only one thought to help her. "It's for you in the long run," he had said. And, though he was changed and hard—though he had explained away the words the next moment—she knew that he had spoken truth.

The Squire, too, had only one thought to help him at the parting of the roads. His mill-wheel was settled firmly into place, and soon it would be singing roundelays.

MOUSSORGSKY'S OPERAS.

I.

In matters of art it is difficult to assay genius at its true value. The critic is apt to found a whole æsthetic on achievements which are theoretically wrong, mistaking some expression of original genius for an immutable artistic truth. This is an especial danger in writing of music-drama, a hybrid art which conforms to none of the standards of its component parts of music, drama, acting, and stage decoration. Wagner laid down logical theories, but his music-dramas have lived, not because they were at one with those theories, but because he had genius. His imitators failed because they had not his genius. I acutely feel this difficulty in attempting to analyze Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* and *Khovantschina*, and even now that the glamor of their first performance has passed away. It were easy enough to form a theory that the use of folk-music gives an atmosphere of reality to these music-dramas, and from these particular examples to lay down a general theory, but then, a few days after we had heard Moussorgsky's operas at Drury Lane Theater, we were given Rimsky-Korsakov's *Ivan the Terrible*, a music-drama in which quite as much use is made of folk-music. Yet, although Rimsky-Korsakov was a most brilliant composer, and had a genius for orchestration that makes much of Richard Strauss's scoring seem amateurish and ineffective by comparison, his *Ivan the Terrible* did not create the strong, fresh, and poignant impression of Moussorgsky's music-drama. Apart altogether from Rimsky-Korsakov's work, we have our own examples of music to show that the adaptation of folk-music to art-music is by no means successful.

Therefore I am afraid we cannot form any clear theory on the basis of Moussorgsky's achievements, although they are the outcome of the deliberate movement, originated by Glinka, to found a national Russian opera. The whole of modern Russian music has been profoundly influenced by that movement. Even Tchaikovsky, who was not considered a national composer, was much influenced by it. As it happens, these Russian national composers had a wonderful store of folk-music to work upon, and, in general, it is well suited to artistic treatment, so that even if it be held that Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov have proved that folk-music can be employed in national opera with beautiful and impressive effect, they have only proved it as far as their own country is concerned. I have labored this point because more harm than good will be done if our own composers imagine they can make the same use of the folk-music of these islands. There are a few Irish, Scotch, and Welsh airs which have something of the right plasticity, but we are not rich in folk-music of the type which can be used in a work of art without producing an effect of patchiness. Moreover, these Russian composers did not suddenly adopt folk-music as the basis of their art, for the movement had begun with Glinka, nearly forty years before either Moussorgsky or Rimsky-Korsakov wrote their operas. These music-dramas are, in a very special sense, national. I do not know if both composers worked with a conscious design, but it may be so. They were bosom friends, and for a considerable time lived together. At any rate, the three operas have a distinct design.

Rimsky-Korsakov's *Ivan the Terrible*

or *The Maid of Pskoff*, as it was originally entitled, deals with events taking place in the reign of that scourge of Novgorod. The libretto is planned on rather conventional lines, and the Czar's feelings on discovering an illegitimate daughter and his grief at her tragic death are its main concern. Yet it does give us a picture of Russia in the last half of the sixteenth century. Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov*, founded on a drama by Poushkin, continues the story of this savage and picturesque Russia, and *Khovantschina* takes us to the Russia of Peter the Great, when old ideas of religion were at war with the new. The three operas practically cover a century of the most stirring period of Russia's history. Obviously, if folk-music can be appropriately used in a modern work of art, the subjects of these music-dramas called for its use. At the same time, the effect of *Boris Godounov* and *Khovantschina* is not entirely due to the folk character of Moussorgsky's music, but rather to the individual genius which could reconstruct a period with such insight and dramatic truth that the music-dramas have no self-conscious archaism. Moussorgsky has caught the very spirit of the period, and yet his music is very subjective, for it expresses that period as it appears to a nineteenth-century Russian who was an intellectual child of his age. On the other hand, Rimsky-Korsakov's music is much more the ordinary product of an artist who desires to depict a period in history for the sake of its romantic glamor. *Ivan the Terrible* is a more "artistic" affair than either *Boris Godounov* or *Khovantschina*. The music is more skilfully written and is more shapely in design. It is sufficiently interesting to make one wish to hear the composer's later works, but it is not as suggestive as either of Moussorgsky's music-dramas.

II.

The composer of *Boris Godounov* was, in truth, a genius, not only as a musician, but as a poet or seer. He had what few composers possess, a mind which sees beyond music, and he was like Wagner in this, if in nothing else, that he had a fixed idea of what he desired to express. Music and opera had no meaning for him as art for art's sake. "To seek assiduously the most delicate and subtle features of human nature—of the human crowd—to follow them into unknown regions, to make them our own: this seems to me the true vocation of the artist . . . to feed upon humanity as a healthy diet which has been neglected—there lies the whole problem of art."¹ In this expression of faith we have at once the source of Moussorgsky's strength and of his weakness. In *Boris Godounov* it enabled him to realize the character of that strange dictator with ruthless realism, and it also enabled him to show this character against a background of a nation's suffering. Where Rimsky-Korsakov would have seized upon situations as providing material for picturesque music, Moussorgsky was able to express the inner psychological meaning. *Boris Godounov*, at the height of his fame, does not pace to his coronation as a mere picturesque figure. The music leading up to this situation and illustrating it is often ugly and cruel; there is no ordinary musical bombast in Moussorgsky's music-drama. You are made to feel that this dictator has imposed his will on a suffering nation; that he is a scourge rather than a saviour of his country. Again, in *Khovantschina* there is no glamor of false romance. The simple faith of the Old Believers, as expressed by their leader Dositheus, has dignity and simplicity, but it is

¹ Mrs. Rosa Newmarch's translation of Moussorgsky's letter to Stassov.

neither musically beautiful nor sentimental; it is dour and almost ugly. There is no attempt to invest this character with the trappings of romance. In the same manner the sensuous character of Prince Ivan Khovansky is expressed realistically. There is a banquet scene and a ballet of Persian slaves, which to an ordinary composer would have been an opportunity of writing colored and, perhaps, "charming" music. Moussorgsky treats the scene sternly. He shows you the cruel ugliness of sensualism.

In this realism Moussorgsky, without knowing it, was a regenerator of music-drama. Opera, for many reasons which cannot be fully set forth here, has been incurably "romantic." It has looked on all subjects as so much rough material for the spinning of its patterns. If an historical subject be chosen the composer has concentrated himself on writing stirring marches, and all the characters are conditioned by the necessity of composing love duets. There had been a curious childishness in opera until Wagner had the temerity to make Wotan the central figure of a trilogy. Mozart made an attempt in *Don Giovanni* to break away from the conventional romance of opera, but neither Wagner nor Mozart would have dreamed of the possibility of treating a subject as unconventionally as Moussorgsky has treated *Boris Godounov*. I do not wish to exaggerate, but these operas of Moussorgsky have made it clear to me that music-drama may be of value as a form of drama. The art has a special use in connecting what are dramatically disconnected scenes and of creating from them a whole and connected effect.

III.

In this respect Moussorgsky's operas are a veritable contribution to the aesthetics of music-drama. To critics who consider that opera must tell a

connected story the libretti of *Boris Godounov* and *Khovantchina* are examples of how opera libretto should not be written. Whole scenes can be, and have been, omitted, and others have been transposed, without, apparently, making any difference to the drama. What kind of drama can it be which can undergo that kind of cobbling? The question would not be asked, I think, if the nature of Moussorgsky's music-dramas were understood. No composer, unless he is his own librettist, can find quite the kind of libretto he requires, and I have no doubt Moussorgsky was not content with the libretti of his operas, but the planning of them evidently carried out his ideas. They do not pretend to be connected stories, but are rather the libretti of dramatic pageants. Moussorgsky desired to picture musically the period from which modern Russia took its rise, and to picture it from the point of view of a nineteenth-century apostle of liberty. The protagonists of his drama are the Russian people, the suffering people on whose bodies and spirits the "great" men of the nation carved their will. This explains why Moussorgsky has made such extended use of the chorus, both on and off the stage. Then against this background of the Russian people he has thrown the sinister and magnificent figure of Boris Godounov. Except that the dictator's remorse at having removed the young Dmitri is a *scène à faire*, there is no central situation in the drama. The people and Boris are the drama. Therefore it is easy enough to omit or transpose a scene so long as the main ideas of the drama are not hopelessly mutilated. This looseness of dramatic construction is an absolute merit in a musical play, for it enables the composer to express the central ideas of the drama without being bound hand and foot by the dramatic situations. There are

many scenes in *Boris Godounov* and *Khovantschina* which are quite unnecessary from a theatrical point of view, but every one of these scenes helps in filling up the musical picture. I do not mean to lay it down as an aesthetic law that the libretti of music-dramas should be so loosely constructed. For some subjects it would be a mistake, but no better form of drama could be devised for the aims of Moussorgsky. In the same way, one can think of no more artistic method of illustrating these pages of history than by the use of folk-music, especially as Russian folk-music lends itself well to artistic development. Rimsky-Korsakov's opera is, perhaps, a better example of this than Moussorgsky's. In *Ivan the Terrible* the folk element is worked with more skill and ingenuity into what may be called the "art-music," but I am not sure that is a merit. Moussorgsky, on the other hand, had so saturated his mind with the music of his nation that some of the tunes he himself has invented cannot be distinguished from genuine folk-music. In homogeneity, if not in musical cohesiveness, his scores are more artistically successful than Rimsky-Korsakov's.

IV.

In thus praising *Boris Godounov* and *Khovantschina* for their musical realism I am not blind to the possible artistic *cul-de-sac* of carrying realism too far. The composer has not carried it too far in these operas, but if he had rigidly adhered to his theory in setting other subjects he would have gone quite astray. By a strange chance we had an example of this at Drury Lane in Stravinsky's ballet, *Le Sacre du Printemps*. The composer had to illustrate the pagan worship of the sun and earth in primeval Russia, a worship that cannot be realistically expressed in music, a civilized art

which has been developed for centuries. Stravinsky therefore has made music which practically breaks every law of the art. It is inverted music, and its ugliness and lacerating dissonance shock the ear and assault the nerves. The dancer Nijinsky, who had invented the movements of the ballet in accordance with the written instructions of the composer, has made his *corps de ballet* express their primeval feelings by absurd and grotesque stamping of the feet and by gestures which show a wonderful ingenuity in devising ugly movements. That is realism gone mad. Yet it is the logical exaggeration of Moussorgsky's methods, for if a modern composer should employ folk-music in writing an historical music-drama, he can hardly do less than compose music which is not music as we know it when he has to describe the ritual of primeval people who had no music.

Besides, to return to Moussorgsky, the methods of *Boris Godounov* do not give full scope to music. The realistic method takes it for granted that music has no existence of its own, whereas it is strongest when it is following its own laws, and is aiming at producing its own effect of beauty and, if it be allied to drama, of its own dramatic truth. That was a fundamental truth which Wagner firmly grasped. In music-drama of a modern type the composer has an orchestra for the expression of all that cannot be actually expressed by the dramatic action or by the singers. With this orchestra it is quite possible to be beautiful and realistic at the same time. You could set, for example, Hauptman's *Hannele* to music and retain all the realistic *naïveté* of the drama, and yet make your orchestra express the underlying beauty of that beautiful little poem. To do this, however, the orchestral music has to be mainly a subjective expression of the

composer and his ideas of the drama. That was Wagner's method. Moussorgsky's orchestra, on the other hand, is never subjective, but always objective. It does not discourse on the drama, but heightens and emphasizes it step by step. Very wonderful in their simplicity are some of the dramatic effects created by Moussorgsky's orchestra, with the help of Rimsky-Korsakov's scoring. I know of no composer, except Puccini, who has had the dramatic genius of Moussorgsky and has been able to hit off a situation, an idea, or a character with such inevitable directness. At the same time, this realism is cramping to the art of music. Moussorgsky was not, however, a theatrical realist as Puccini is. The Russian did not attempt to give the world a musical play, and perhaps his own experiments in attempting to set the pure text of a comedy by Gogol taught him that the drama required for music is quite different from ordinary spoken drama. Moussorgsky's realism goes deeper than the realism of the modern Italian school. He sought to depict the nature of his *dramatis personæ* and their historical environment by means of characteristic music. How successful this genius has been all who saw the operas in the summer know full well. His *Boris Godounov* and *Khovantschina* are wonderful examples of dramatic insight and artistic sincerity. In some ways, too, these operas have their æsthetic value, inasmuch as they have proved once again that the drama for music-drama can be loosely constructed and need not conform to

the standards of spoken drama. Yet these operas, impressive as they were in performance, are another argument against objective realism in music-drama. Music must give up something, of course, in becoming one of the elements in a hybrid form of art, but it also gains much in definite meaning. At the same time, there is no reason for a type of music-drama which does not enable the composer to have full scope for the expression of his art. In such works as *Boris Godounov* music does nothing which could not have been as impressively done by speech: whereas the real use of music is to express that which has no equivalent in speech. Nor can this be done realistically without cramping the logical development of music, an art which moves slowly and has its own organic character. No composer has written realistic music as successfully as Moussorgsky has written it in *Boris Godounov* and *Khovantschina*. No composer has shown such genius for hitting off a character or situation. Yet the music of both these operas is undeveloped, and nowhere rises to a great artistic height as music, for the simple reason that the art is never allowed to make its own utterance, but is always servile to the needs of the drama of action. The composer of the future must take up music-drama where Wagner left it, for he at least understood that the composer must have something to say about the drama, and not merely describe it, if his own art is to have any opportunity for its full expression.

E. A. Baughan.

SHAKESPEARE AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—II.*

VII.

The great machine of State was controlled in Shakespeare's England by the personal hand of the Sovereign, and its operations regulated well-nigh every phase of life. But the numberless levers, wheels, and cranks were kept in motion by a body of officers who were her nominees. It was the Queen's Privy Council and its supplementary committees or courts, which administered the royal will, without any genuine diminution of the personal influence of the Sovereign. Sir Walter Raleigh accurately defined the working situation when he wrote that "that which is done by the King with the advice of his private or Privy Council, is done by the King's absolute power."

The Council, as Shakespeare knew it, was quite a small body, usually numbering only ten members, all of whom held outside it high office for life. It included the four chief officers of State—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Keeper or Lord Chancellor, the Lord High Treasurer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, together with the four chief officers of the royal household—the Treasurer and the Controller of the Royal Household, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Queen's Secretary. Sometimes a second Secretary was admitted. The Lord Chief Justice was usually a member, but he might be replaced by the Master of the Ordnance, who directed the affairs of the army.

Against the action of the Councilors, who were responsible to the Queen alone, there was no appeal; their proceedings did not come under Parliamentary notice. Rather the Council controlled the Parliament, which met, at the Council's bidding,

for brief terms of six or seven weeks at uncertain intervals, which often measured three or four years. Acts of Parliament did little more than reproduce resolutions which the Council drafted. The Council sat several hours daily, including Sundays, year in and year out. It commonly met in the palace where the Sovereign was in residence.

The powers of the Council ranged over the whole field of government, and although its authority might in theory be confined to administration, the numerous proclamations and orders, which were issued by it in the Sovereign's name and enjoyed the sanction of law, bore ample witness to its autocratic exercise of legislative, financial, and judicial, as well as executive, powers. Its officials effected arrests on suspicion, and committed men to prison at the Sovereign's pleasure without trial or hearing. No adverse criticism of any person in authority was suffered by the Council to go unnoticed or unpunished.

The Council did not perform its punitive functions single-handed. Since the time of Queen Elizabeth's grandfather, Henry VII., it had delegated certain of its powers to a Committee known as the Star Chamber, the name of the room in which it met at the Palace of Westminster. There some members of the Council usually sat twice a week, with two or more judges. The Star Chamber lent immense strength to the Council's authority. Originally, it was the peculiar duty of the Chamber to punish summarily all manner of civil disturbance. But during Shakespeare's career it widened the scope of its arbitrary jurisdiction. At every turn, it came to compete with the ordinary civil and criminal courts of law.

* *The Living Age*, October 18, 1913.

Short of the capital penalty, which it was debarred from inflicting, the Star Chamber could impose every degree of penalty. Its victims were rarely condemned to fine or imprisonment alone: they were also sentenced to stand in the pillory wearing papers declaring their offence, or to be publicly whipped at the cart's tail, or to be deprived of their ears in a public place, or to suffer other mutilation. The activity of this oppressive court increased with every year of Shakespeare's life. It habitually ignored all the pleas of mercy which the dramatist never tired of urging on judges or rulers; yet the Star Chamber failed to excite any articulate protest till Shakespeare was laid in his grave.

Other Councils and Courts were at work on the autocratic lines of the Privy Council and the Star Chamber. There were local councils for Wales and the North, sitting far away from the capital. In London there was, too, the High Commission Court, which usually met in the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth, for the purpose of punishing in the manner of the Star Chamber the ecclesiastical offence of Non-conformity, the failure to conform with the formularies and worship of the Established Church. That Court rigorously supplemented the censorship of the Privy Council and Star Chamber over the Press, and contrived to gag or discourage independent thought with businesslike regularity.

The blustering temper which governed the procedure of the arbitrary tribunals of Shakespeare's era may be judged by the following report of the hearing of a very ordinary case by the Court of High Commission. The words transport the reader to Shakespeare's England with a sureness which will not be lost on the Shakespearean student, who will recall many verbal parallels from Shakespeare's plays. The accused person, named White, was a

substantial London citizen who cherished staunch Puritan convictions. He had previously suffered imprisonment for absenting himself from his parish church, and he was now tried for a refractory repetition of the offence. It was a common charge, and one which was brought against Shakespeare's father at Stratford-on-Avon in 1592. White's defence was that his parish clergyman insisted on wearing a white surplice instead of the black Genevan gown. The President of the court was the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edmund Anderson, a lawyer of repute who was prone to violent language. The proceedings took, in brief, the following shape:—

Lord Chief Justice: Who is this?

The Defendant White: White, an't please your honor.

L. C. J.: White! As black as the Devil.

White: Not so, my lord, one of God's children.

L. C. J.: Why will you not come to your parish church?

The Master of the Request, another Commissioner: What if the Queen should command to wear a gray frieze gown, would you come to church then?

White: That were more tolerable than that God's ministers should wear the habit of his enemies!

L. C. J.: How if she should command to wear a fool's coat and a cock's comb?

White: That were very unseemly, my Lord, for God's ministers.

L. C. J.: I swear by God, thou art a very rebel, for thou wouldst draw thy sword, and lift up thine hand against thy Prince, if time served. Take him away.

White: I would speak a word, which I am sure will offend, and yet I must speak it. I heard the name of God taken in vain. If I had done it, it had been a graver offence than that I stand here for.

L. C. J.: You shall be committed, I warrant you.

White: Pray, my lord, let me have

justice. I am unjustly committed. I desire a copy of my presentment.

L. C. J.: You shall have your head from your shoulders!—Have him to the Gatehouse [of Westminster].

White: I pray you commit me to some prison in London, that I may be near my house.

L. C. J.: No, sir, you shall go thither.

White: I have paid fines and fees in other prisons—send me not where I shall pay them over again.

L. C. J.: Yes, marry, shall you. This is your glory.

White: I desire no such glory.

L. C. J.: It will cost you twenty pounds, I warrant you, before you come out.

White: God's will be done.

Dogberry, when he examined his prisoners, scarcely belled the mock-judicial note of White's interlocutor. The attitude of the State in Shakespeare's world to individual opinion could not be more graphically displayed.

VIII.

Shakespeare, in both his professional and private capacity, enjoyed ample opportunity of studying the operations of the Council and of the allied Star Chamber, if not of the High Commission Court. The new institution of the playhouse came immediately under the Council's control. It was only in London and its suburbs that any theatres existed in Shakespeare's day, and to the Lord Mayor of London or to the Justices of the Peace for Middlesex or Surrey the Council were continually issuing orders of permission or prohibition. The Council insisted with undeviating rigor on the need of a censorship of the acted word. At all hazards it sought to prevent the stage from becoming an engine for the discussion or criticism of public affairs. The stringency of the censorship may be deduced from mandates issued by the Council on November 12th, 1588, just after Shakespeare had settled

down to the work of his life. They were addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Lord Mayor of London, and to the Master of the Revels, who controlled the entertainments of the court. Direction was given that thenceforth the Master of the Revels, with two persons to be nominated respectively by the Archbishop and the Lord Mayor, should peruse all plays performance of which was contemplated, and that no piece should be performed without the triple authorization. The licensers were especially enjoined to strike out everything "unfitted to be handled in plays in matters of divinity or state." This order remained in force throughout Shakespeare's career, although the licensing duties came to be performed by the Master of the Revels single-handed.

The Council scented possible peril in all allusion on the stage to religious or political topics. Many were the ways in which a writer might expose himself to suspicion. Christopher Marlowe met his direputable death just after the Council had issued a warrant for his arrest on the ground that he had committed himself to blasphemous opinions. Among other of Shakespeare's personal acquaintances the Council's pursuivants were no less busy. Occasionally, it would seem that a piece escaped the censor's preliminary examination, or, at any rate, that its offence was not detected until its production on the stage. Early in James I.'s reign Shakespeare's friends, Ben Jonson and George Chapman, were both imprisoned in a common gaol by order of the Council for covert abuse of King James and his Scottish fellow-countrymen, in a comedy called *Eastward Hoe*. The actors mimicked the Scottish accent, and suggested that out of the surplusage of Scotchmen in England the virgin soil of America might be conveniently colonized.

The Council was not in the habit of

seeking the aid of Parliament in its regulation of theatres. Only once during Shakespeare's lifetime do theatrical matters seem to have been mentioned at Westminster, and that comparatively late in the dramatist's career—during the second Parliament of King James I.'s reign, which met in 1605. The profane mention on the stage of the name of God had offended the good King, and Parliament was requested to supplement the repressive efforts of the Council. A statute was consequently passed imposing a penalty of £10 on persons who should "jestingly or profanely speak or use the holy name of God, or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghost, or of the Trinity, in any stage play, interlude, shew, May-game, or pageant." Not otherwise did the national assembly take note of the national drama which was to give the epoch its most glorious memory.

IX.

No citizen lacked some personal experience of the operations of the Council in normal affairs of life, and Shakespeare makes occasional reference to its everyday work. There is some irony in his treatment of the theme. But there was no malice in his satire, and the censor was sagacious enough to let it pass. Every year the Council issued peremptory orders to the Lord Mayor of London and other authorities bidding them prohibit butchers from killing meat during Lent, and enforcing heavy penalties against those who infringed the decree. The aim was to encourage the consumption of fish rather than to promote a religious observance. Reluctantly the Council granted an occasional license to one or two butchers in the interests of invalids; the permission was profitable, and in great demand. The Council's prohibition was met by evasions, against which

that body was voluminous in protest. Very ample was the correspondence on the subject between the London Corporation and the Council at the end of the sixteenth century and later. Shakespeare offers graphic comment on the controversy when Jack Cade promises to reward his faithful disciple, Dick the butcher, of Ashford, in this burlesque fashion: "The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred, lacking one." (2 *Hen. VI.*, iv., III. 6-7.) For the Council to sanction a license to a butcher on such generous terms was to give him a handsome preferential treatment. The Council were especially severe on London innkeepers who supplied their customers with meat during the forbidden period. Falstaff throws a vivid light on this abuse. "Marry," he mockingly warns Hostess Quickly, "there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou shalt howl." The woman replies with expert knowledge: "All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?" (2 *Hen. IV.*, II., iv.)

Elsewhere, Falstaff illustrates some common procedure of the Council which was of greater moment to the nation at large. It is in behalf of the Council that the fat knight recruits his "ragged regiment" on his way to Coventry, and blusteringly collects his villagers for military service. When war was on foot in Ireland or on the Continent, it was the habit of the Council to issue through the Lord-Lieutenants of Counties and the Mayors of towns orders for "muster of the levies" in towns and villages. At Stratford there was often during Shakespeare's lifetime a forcible enlistment of half-a-dozen pikemen for whom "coat and conduct money" (i.e., the expenses of their arms, uniform, and travelling) was compulsorily exacted from the

leading citizens, as Shakespeare's father and neighbors knew from vexatious experience. With a praiseworthy love of detail, the Council scrutinized everywhere the manner in which their directions were carried out, and carefully examined the character of the troops and their equipment. The methods of enlistment, which the Council sanctioned, anticipated the worst traditions of the Press gang.

Falstaff, in executing the Council's commission for impressing soldiers on his way to Coventry, proves himself at all points a seasoned practitioner. He misuses "the King's press damnably," and having got together 150 "good householders" "who would as lief hear the devil as a drum," bargains with them for their release, and substitutes for them "slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth," "revolted tapsters, ostlers out of work, and such tattered prodigals." "No eye (he meditates) has seen such scarecrows." The Privy Council Register aptly illustrates Falstaff's corrupt energy. The Register abounds in complaints of such unprincipled irregularities as those of which Falstaff boasted himself guilty. Repeatedly were complaints made by the Council that fit men were unlawfully discharged "for money," and their places filled by "such refuse of men as the villagers desire to be rid of for their lewd behavior." At times the Star Chamber was worked to make an example of the recruiting offenders. A recruiting captain of the county of Somerset, one Charles Easterwit, was accused in 1582 before that tribunal of "discharging seven fit men and substituting seven unable men for his own gain." The captain's punishment was comparatively light. He was sentenced to repay the money, and to make open confession of his wrong-doing at the next assizes.

Falstaff makes his levy with a mock-heroic defiance of honest dealing,

but he does not provoke the Star Chamber's wrath. It is another of his exploits which, according to Shakespeare, exposed him to the notice of that formidable bureau of police. "I will make a Star Chamber matter of it," says Robert Shallow, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, when he learns that Sir John Falstaff has beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken open his lodge. "The Council [of which the Star Chamber formed an integral part] shall hear it," the Justice adds; "it is a riot." Falstaff had been guilty of a poaching trespass, which fell, in the Star Chamber's elastic vocabulary, well within the category of a riot.

X.

According to mediæval theory, the people's pecuniary contributions to the expenses of the State could only be determined by their representatives assembled in Parliament. But in Elizabethan practice, the Royal Treasury was mainly fed by streams which ran outside the Parliamentary demesne. The Crown obtained great part of its revenue in its own right, or by arbitrary exercise of its prerogative. The vast Crown lands and forests, the fines and confiscations of property in the law courts, the profits of wardship (*i.e.*, of estates held by the Crown during their owners' minority), the customs dues, were among the everyday sources of the royal income. In addition, there were the Council's loans, which were often known as "benevolences," a euphemism which suggests that the obligation of repayment was more or less fictitious. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could invariably count from all these sources on an annual sum of £300,000 without any Parliamentary co-operation. The average expenses of Government were, however, estimated at £200,000 more. If voluntary loans disappointed anticipation, the deficit might be met for the

time by borrowing money on the ordinary commercial terms of 10 per cent in the open market. At the same time crises recurred at intervals, when the available funds in the national treasury ran low, and the menace of foreign aggression or of internal disturbance made the demands on the nation's purse unusually large. It was then that Parliament was called together, and its sanction for taxation was invoked. Thus the national assembly was, in fiscal matters, solely requested to satisfy extraordinary expenditure, when the customary receipts with which Parliament had no official concern proved insufficient.

The special taxation which Parliament authorized had a technical terminology which is long since obsolete. The money voted by the nation was called by the threefold name of "subsidies," "fifteenths," and "tenths." In Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, pt. ii., we read of "a whole fifteenth" (I., i., 128), and of "one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last "subsidy" (IV., vii., 27). All the phrases belong to the contemporary fiscal language of Parliament. A "fifteenth" and a "tenth" was a tax on personal property, the larger fraction being exacted in the towns and the smaller in the rural districts. A subsidy was a levy on both land and goods or movables throughout the country to the amount of 4s. in the pound on the annual value of land, and 2s. 8d. in the pound on the total estimated value of goods. The owner of land was not charged on his personality. Aliens, who could only own goods, paid twice the amount of natives. The subsidy substantially applied only to laymen. But there was a supplementary tax, invariably associated with the lay subsidy, which fell on the clergy. The clerical subsidy amounted to 2s. in the pound on the annual value of benefices.

The incidence or assessment of taxation had undergone no change for two centuries, and bore no efficient relation to existing conditions. In practice the "fifteenths" and "tenths" meant fixed sums, which had been drawn collectively from time immemorial, without alteration of amount, from individual towns and counties, each of which was treated in this regard as a unit. The aggregate yield throughout the land for each "fifteenth" and "tenth" was held, in Shakespeare's lifetime, to average no more than £30,000, so that a very modest contribution from each municipal corporation or from quarter sessions (the governing body of the county) satisfied this Parliamentary demand. There are signs, too, that the money was not in all cases actually paid. The subsidies, lay and clerical, formed the bulk of Parliamentary taxation. All persons whose land was valued above £3, or whose movables were valued above £1, were individually liable for payment to officers or collectors, who were appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Council. On paper, the value of each lay subsidy was reckoned at £80,000, and of each clerical subsidy at £20,000. Thus, every imposition of a lay and clerical subsidy might be expected to produce, with one "fifteenth" and "tenth," £150,000. But the modes for the assessment of the subsidy were as antiquated as those governing the payment of the "fifteenths," and irregularities in the collection told even more heavily in the taxpayer's favor, and to the disadvantage of the Exchequer. During Shakespeare's career means of evading the Parliamentary subsidy grew steadily, and in spite of an increase in the country's wealth the interval between the estimate and the yield widened. Exemptions increase year by year. The number of "subsidy men" at the end of the sixteenth cen-

tury was barely a fourth of that eighty or ninety years earlier. The Council frequently complained of the unsatisfactory returns, and threatened personal remonstrance with the chief offenders. But no effectual reforms were attempted. Francis Bacon often congratulated his fellow countrymen on the slowness of their fiscal burdens compared with those of preceding generations or of foreign countries. He had in mind only the taxes which Parliament imposed and inefficiently exacted.

Shakespeare's personal experiences as a taxpayer of Parliamentary taxes is probably typical of the era. The extant subsidy rolls for Stratford-on-Avon, where from 1597 onwards Shakespeare was a substantial owner of both land and goods, make no mention of his name. When the dramatist was three years old, his father's movables were valued for subsidy purposes at £4, which involved liability of 10s. 8d. Yet the elder Shakespeare paid no more than 5s. 10d. in two instalments. There is no proof that he or his eminent son at any time made any further contribution to the Parliament's levies on his native town. The number of subsidy men in Stratford declined meanwhile with characteristic velocity. In 1524 the subsidy rolls contain as many as 164 names. Twenty-five years later only thirty-two are discoverable. In 1597, they sank to nineteen. Before Shakespeare died there were only thirteen and the dramatist was not among them. Through the same period the growing population of Stratford reached a total of 3,000 persons.

Owners of houses adjoining Shakespeare's large house, New Place, seem to have been regularly assessed on the modest amount of £3 in goods, which carried with it a contribution of 8s. to each subsidy. Shortly after Shakespeare's death his son-in-law, Dr. John

Hall, who then moved to New Place, paid that amount on the standing assessment. But Shakespeare, like many neighbors of substantial means, successfully contrived to evade the notice of the tax collector. The steady fall in the amount of Stratford's contribution can be paralleled in small boroughs all over the country. But at Stratford it was due partly, at least, to a very special cause. In 1594 a failure of the harvest caused in Stratford very great distress, from which recovery was slow. In 1597 the town was faced by the more serious disaster, of "two several fires which destroyed 120 dwelling-houses," consumed £12,000 worth of property, and brought 400 persons to destitution. In these calamitous circumstances the townsfolk bestirred themselves to obtain relief from payment of pending Parliamentary taxation. In 1597, Parliament had granted three lay subsidies, six fifteenths, and three clerical subsidies, to which Stratford would be expected to contribute in the ordinary course some £40 or £50. Shakespeare, who was in London at the time, was informed by a Stratford friend of the great "fear and doubt" prevailing in the town that there would be no means of paying any part of the Parliamentary impost. A petition for release was addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he admitted that the request was "reasonable and conscionable," seeing that the town had been "twice afflicted" and had almost been "wasted by fire." A formal warrant of exemption was signed on January 27th, 1599. Thenceforth it would seem that residents in Stratford were treated by the tax collector with exceptional tenderness, of which Shakespeare and others took a hardly fair advantage.

In London, Shakespeare was somewhat less fortunate, though his property there was of more modest dimensions. As far as investigation into

fiscal records of the time have gone as yet, it was only during a small part of his residence in London that he fell under the tax collector's notice, and that during the comparatively early years of his stay. From his settlement in London, about 1587 until 1596, there is little doubt that he resided in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, within easy reach of "The Theatre" in Shoreditch, with which he had professional associations. In 1593 Parliament granted three lay subsidies and six fifteenths, and the collection proceeded very slowly during the years that intervened before the Houses were next summoned, in 1597, to make a further levy.

Shakespeare's name was duly placed on the subsidy roll for St. Helen's parish during 1593 as owner of goods valued at £5. He would therefore be liable for 13s. 4d. for each of the three subsidies of that year, a total of £2. But the authorities moved slowly. Before the dramatist paid any part of the tax, he had migrated across the River Thames to the Liberty of the Clink in Southwark, where actors and dramatic authors were soon to congre-

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gate in large numbers. The Liberty of the Clink was an estate of the Bishop of Winchester, and under his exclusive jurisdiction. In October, 1596, the St. Helen's tax collector showed unusual energy in inviting the permission of the Bishop of Winchester's steward to demand of Shakespeare the payment of a first instalment of five shillings, due on the assessment of St. Helen's parish. This amount the dramatist paid next year. A few months later he added a further sum of 13s. 4d., again on account of the old subsidy of 1593. There is no evidence that Shakespeare contributed anything beyond the humble total of 18s. 4d. to Parliamentary taxation at any time of his career. But it would not be safe to dogmatize on the topic till all the fiscal documents of the time have been recovered and examined. It is clear, at any rate, that Parliament and its agents laid their hands lightly on the purses of men of Shakespeare's status. There is no likelihood that his easy experience was unique. For the great part of the nation, the fiscal authority of Parliament had no practical significance.

Sidney Lee.

THE GHILZAI'S WIFE.

"For whither thou goest, I will go; . . . and thy people shall be my people."—*The Book of Ruth.*

The "Craft" is a very wonderful thing, there is no doubt about that, quite apart from the truth or otherwise of its traditional foundation by Royal Solomon. At times it shows its members many a queer byway of life, and brings them up against folk whom they would otherwise pass by in the wayside. The world has many a sidelight for those who tarry awhile to look, and whom the gift of human sympathy may at times illumine. If

so be the onlooker is a Master Mason, then will his opportunities be doubled.

A couple of years or so ago I chanced to be travelling from Rangoon to Colombo, and thence on to Bombay by an Australian boat. It was the monsoon, and foul at that, so the saloon passengers were few, and most of those below, while huddled wet misery personified was the lot of the steerage, many of whom were natives of India doing the short passage. These seemed mostly Muhammadans of the trader class, who frequent the sea-ports of the Empire and are to be

found trading wherever the British flag flies, and under many another flag as well. The second day out from Colombo we were having it as bad as it can be in the Indian Ocean in monsoon time, and I had struggled on deck for a little fresh air. Holding on to the rail, I stood looking at the unhappy humans in the waist, huddled up in blankets and swept with spray, too listless even to seek shelter below. As my eye wandered over the scene I became aware that a Freemason was calling me. I rubbed my eyes that were wet with spray, but could see only a dozen figures in their blankets. I climbed with difficulty down the gangway. It was a vile day and no mistake. Down in the waist I staggered past the battened hatch and the donkey engine, and landed on the top of three figures lying on a coil of hawser.

"I thought you'd come, boss," said a figure who struggled to his feet. A roll of the ship sent him against me. "Knee to knee," said he. "It's a very bad day, *sahib*, and I want your help."

"You shall have it," I said. "Come in here," and I drew him into a bunk where the steerage cooking-pots were piled.

"My wife is very ill, *sahib*, and I want some *sahib's* food for her."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Sea-sickness, I suppose, *sahib*."

"Will you take me to her?"

He nodded, and I said, "But first tell me who you are." I asked the question in Pushtoo. I thought so—he understood, though he answered in excellent English, or rather Australian.

"I am a Pathan, a Ghilzai of the Suleiman Khel, and am returning to Ghuzni after ten years on the Coolgardie goldfields, and my wife is with me. She is an Australian girl."

"What the devil do you mean by bringing an Australian girl steerage like this?"

"We lost our ready money, *sahib*, though I have plenty with a *seth*¹ at Peshawur. Besides," he said, "she is not so very white, and people make a fuss if they see us together."

"What do you mean by saying she is not so very white?"

"You know what I mean, *sahib*."

"I'm d——d if I do, you brute!"

"Well, *sahib*, you have seen it in Afrique, no doubt. I did, when I went there with Dhanjiboy's ambulance *tongas*. There are white people who are brought up like black people, they ran wild about the *weldt* with *kafirs*, and nobody will know them."

Pah! it was quite true, I knew the mean white well, I had had them as transport boys and *voor-loopers*. "Crocodile" Henry as driver, and John Smith, mean white, as *voor-looper*, and not ashamed even, for he knew no better, and had always eaten his *scoff* with the boys. I knew, too, what the mean Dutch or *biswoner* was to the farmer, and how like a dog he was treated. I have always wanted to go back to the *weldt* and see how the *biswoner*, who had been the mainstay of the commando for the last half of the war, had settled down after a year or so on other people's mutton. However, that is another pair of shoes. I knew the mean white East and West, and only a few weeks before had seen an Australian lad, with fair hair, blue eyes, of unknown parentage, tootling a fife among a band of the blackest of black Madrassi bandmen.

So I went without more ado down to the comfortless steerage bunk, to find the wretched mean Australian bush girl who was going alone to Afghanistan with a Ghilzai husband, and sorry enough she looked, though a fine day and a smooth sea would doubtless work wonders. At any rate I went for the ship's doctor and explained the situation. I also explained that there

¹ Indian banker.

was little to gain by talking, and that the pair had best be left with such assistance as a brother in the craft could give, to work out their own salvation in their own way. To cut a long story short, the girl improved under treatment, and was about on deck the day we ran into the comparative calm of Bombay harbor.

There I had some speech with her, and found her a rough enough diamond, rough of speech and sturdy of character, almost illiterate, but used since an infant to shift for herself and live as she could. "Aldo," as she called her husband (a missionary it appeared had married them and asked no questions), had been driving a donkey engine up at the goldfields, and she had found him lying in the bush with a broken head, robbed apparently by some whites. She had got him water, they had struck up an alliance, and they had married. Aldo had done well, and had later been running goods on pack-camels, and they were now off to Afghanistan to trade in ready-made black frock-coats. This plan of her husband's, whose real name he told me was Sultan Jan, was by no means so absurd as it sounds. The Afghan nobleman affects a dress of this nature, and English frock-coats are in great request. A merchant calling with such at the country seats of the Afghan gentry would undoubtedly be well received, and the ready-made frock-coat, as baled by Messrs. Whitaway & Laidlaw, had I knew a ready market. Once when I was on the Chinese frontier of Upper Burma, in a small rain-bound post, with 150 Gurkhas as garrison, the parcel post (which came in about once in six weeks) climbed the hill on a Government elephant. It contained huge parcels by the Valuable Payable Post, addressed to various sepoy of the garrison. That evening the whole of the garrison turned out for the evening parade in *mufti*, every man

wearing a black Angola morning coat, which had been ordered by letter from the attractive price list of the same enterprising firm. It was dull on that mountain border, in the monsoon, and to order goods and wait to see if they would come was the only diversion. Only the week before we, the officers, had wired to Calcutta for a wedding, a christening, and a birthday cake, to cheer our drooping appetites. We also used to ponder with glee on what the firm would say to the order. We had specially stipulated for plenty of almond icing.

Anyway, Susie Hammerslip, now Mrs. Sultan Jan of the Suleiman Khel, was going to seek her fortune in Afghanistan, with a caravan of frock-coats. One had heard tales now and again of Australian women returning with the Powindahs, as the trading clans of the Ghilzai are called. I had often wondered how they had fared, and whether or no they had held their own among the fierce clansmen and their dark, handsome, jealous womenfolk. Whether or no, as they lost their looks, they were drifting to the position of the old mother carrying the samovar, —such a one as you may see tottering after the caravan, instead of occupying the lacquered *khajawah*, that had been her right twenty years before, now relegated to lighting the fire, and catching the camels that broke away at night from their moorings. Perhaps Susie was of sterner clay, that would control by right of tongue and brawler arm, and assert the fact that white is white in the East, till the blood is diluted out of all knowing.

However that may be, Susie and I stood overlooking the harbor by the iron bulwarks in the waist of the ship, while spirits and color returned to her cheek, at freedom from the motion and the prospect of *terra firma*. And I saw that she was a red-haired round-faced lass, with a good stubborn lip,

and a firm-set chin, her skin covered with that fine down which marks those much in the open air. It was a Saxon or a Teuton face, full of good temper and devoid of any evil. I chatted to her of what she was to see, and what Afghanistan might be like, to her chorus of "Oh, my," while her husband collected their belongings. When they finally appeared for landing, Sultan Jan was in a suit of rough tweeds, more or less resembling a member of one of the Latin races, for the Afghans are a fair people, while Susie was in a blue print dress with a Rob Roy shawl over her shoulders. To my inquiry if he wanted any money, Sultan Jan replied that he did not, as he would find a friend in Bombay to give him all he wanted, and that he should stay to do a day's business and then travel second-class to Peshawur. He was grateful for my assistance during the voyage, and had expressed himself as a mason should, vowing that if ever I needed help across the border in men or money, work or amusement, I was to call on him. Susie was not good at putting her thanks into words, but I took the liberty of giving her a small pocket revolver, and also my address in the Punjab, urging her to send to it if she found the situation more than she could handle. Further, I told her, which I knew to be the case, that she would not be allowed to cross the British border into Afghanistan until she had appeared before a British magistrate and satisfied him that she went of her own free will. However, she had no misgivings. The prospect before her seemed infinitely brighter than anything she had seen in her hovel existence on the edge of the Bush, and she seemed to have Sultan Jan in hand, unconsciously asserting the superiority of her very inferior white blood.

The last I saw of them was in a taxi, if you please, driving along the

Back Bay, evidently very pleased with themselves and in no want of money. A few months later I inquired up on the Frontier, and was told that a Powindah had crossed the border with a white wife, and that according to the orders of the Government of India she had been interviewed by the magistrate of the frontier district through which she passed. It happened to be Dera Ismael Khan, and she had expressed herself perfectly content, and anxious to proceed to her husband's people. So two things were obvious, one that Sultan Jan was not a bad sort of fellow, and secondly, that the lass had plenty of grit and force of character.

II.

A couple of years after my meeting with Sultan Jan and lass Susie, I happened to be at Attock, at the end of April, just as the hot weather was beginning. The Frontier looks at its best in the early April mornings, the haze has not yet hidden the frontier snows, and the fleecy tumult of cloud have not yet gathered round the tops of the peaks. Roses are in every garden, and the green wheat is everywhere dazzling in its brightness. The air is soft with the heavy scent of flowers, and there is only a pleasant feeling of lassitude and a desire to sit and feel the soft warm breeze on the cheek. There is hardly any hint of the coming vengeance when the land shall be a fiery furnace, and a pea-soup haze heavy with dust shall descend on the land like an extinguisher. The old fortress of Attock, so old in its origin that legend even is silent, stood as it always stands, overhanging the Indus, in clear silhouette against the wall of peaks beyond. The old walls look their best as you face them coming down from the north-west, as they were meant to face, guarding India against the waves of the North.

Peshawur and the Peshawur valley lie, as all the world knows, west of the great river Indus, and they are both geographically part of Afghanistan. Ethnographically, too, for the matter of that, as the peasantry have been Afghan for many a long year. Almost since Islam came to be a world force, the Muhammadan waves of the North and North-West have swept into India, and the road from Kabul through the Khyber, and past Peshawur over the Indus at the Attock ferry, has been one of the roads by which the North swept the South. It is also the way by which Alexander of Macedon entered the country of King Porus, to defeat him within a mile or so of where "Paddy" Gough fought the Sikhs by the mud village of Chillianwallah. The Peshawur valley and Euzufzai are full of Greek remains. Unsophisticated peasants will sell you real Greek coins, and the sophisticated ones will forge them for you, and one is as like another as two peas.

So to stand on the Afghan side and look on Fort Attock, or to stand on the bastions and look out on the ring of mountains and the great snow wall of the *Sufaid Koh*, is to look into the mirror of the ages and also onto a kinema of a thousand years, if God has given you wit to see it. Ghilzai, Tartar, Afghan, Moghul, all the ruthless hordes of the high bare plateaus, longing for the riches of the warm South, have passed over the ferry and fought as to who should hold dominion of the fortress. Only just across the river, too, lying between the Black Mountain and Euzufzai, is the great hill of Mahabun, which alone fulfills the description by the Alexandrian historians of the rock of Aornos that the conqueror himself stormed. Every peasant lad in the countryside can tell you something of *Badshah* Sikunder (King Alexander). How many of

England know who scoured out the White Horse, and why? Yet Alexander lived a thousand years before Alfred, which is all the difference between a people who do forget and a people who don't.

It was early morning, then, in April, that I had sat for a moment on a bastion in the fort and watched the good garrison artillery slew about the heavy guns that guard the now British Attock, and saw these monsters get their morning dose of petrol jelly, before mounting a pony to go and see the life on the great trunk road. The ferry-boat is not in great request, and the bridge of boats is long gone, though the boatman of Attock is famous as a harnesser of wild rivers all Asia over. He is fit to be compared with a Canadian voyageur, and could show a Thames lighterman quite a lot. But the great English Sirkar has thrown an iron two-floor bridge over the gorge below the fort, where the waters swirl a hundred feet deep. The railway runs atop and the road traffic below, and even the wild Bactrian camel learns to stomach the rumble of the iron camel over his head. The bridge is flanked with loopoled blockhouses, and the great iron gates can close, to turn the whole bridge into a fortress if need be. A few policemen watch it, seemingly, but a very short notice will bring the soldiery to take their place.

To those very idle folk who have time for such things there is more value in the variety of humans who cross the bridge at Attock than in most places of vantage chosen of the muser. Here also, probably, the secret service agent and the police detective watch the crowd. A hundred Lee-Enfield rifles have been stolen from a down-country cantonment. They will be making their ways to the frontier in small parcels. As in the Transvaal, *Oud Missis* went to bed with the fam-

ily rifles in the hope of profiting by the well-known bashfulness of the British subaltern, so the old lady on the bullock cart may be sitting on a dozen. The Indian police have few finer feelings in such matters. They are out to get the rifles. The Wahabee fanatic and *agent provocateur* from Patna is making his way to Buner to stir the faithful to beat the drum ecclesiastic and annoy the Government. He was last heard of at Lahore. A secret service agent is looking for him at Attock Bridge. A drove of pack bullocks comes by with some punjabees bringing maize from their village. Three handsome clean-built lads and two such jolly lasses with dark-blue petticoats and shawls. You can well believe, to see them, that Alexander really did, as tradition says, leave his invalid Greeks to rest awhile and colonize. Those well-moulded heads and limbs speak for themselves. A string of horses and ponies with an Indian cavalry orderly or two come along, stirring a different note. There is a polo tournament in Nowshera, and the English officers from Rawal Pindi would fain compete. Their ponies march, but well guarded, since the Afghan is *par excellence* a horse thief. But the great sight to see that day was the assembling of the Powindah *Kafilas*.³ The great Ghilzai clans come down with their camels each year, and have done so for generations, to winter in the plains of India. In April they collect by tribe and sept and clan, and march back. Many come down from Ghuzni and leave their camels and wives and children in the Derajat, other clans come into the Peshawur valley and the Rawal Pindi district. As I wait the bridge warden sounds his drum. That means that all passage from the Peshawur side is to cease and let the string from India have its chance, which is only another

CARAVANS.

form of the policeman at Hyde Park Corner.

I watched this string with even greater interest. I knew it well, and it was always new. Big, handsome, bearded men, heads of clans, stride at the head, who in a couple of days will be wearing sword and buckler and carrying a rifle, now safely lodged in the frontier post at Jamrud for the preservation of the *Pax Britannica*. Behind them come the large camels that carry the lacquered *khajwahs* in which ride the younger women and their fat roly-poly babies, with many hair ornaments and a fierce, determined, yet merry face, which they are not averse to show, especially if lord and master be not looking. Then come hundreds of laden camels with the household goods and the Persian pussy-cats, and also the merchandise, the bales of frock-coats, and tin plates and all the goods that the East now wants of the West, even in primitive Afghanistan. After the laden camels come the *dachis*, the female camels, which never carry loads, and running by their side their absurd and supercilious young. There is nothing in the world so supercilious in its air and its lines and contours as a baby camel. Here in these large *kirris* they come by the hundred, born during the winter on the flats around the Indus.

At the head of one of the parties I met a headman with whom I had a nodding acquaintance, and passed him the time of day, after the stately and courtly manner of the Afghans, which begins—"Don't be tired," "Don't be cast down," "Are you well?" "Are you strong?" "Is all your family well?" and so forth. When we had exchanged our running fire of inquiry and counter-inquiry, we talked of trade and the border and what might be the state of politics at Kabul. That is always an interesting theme. The Amir of Kabul rules a kittle race. It

is Sir Alfred Lyall who makes the late Amir Abdur Rahman say, as he looks over the fair vineyards from his palace in the Bala Hissar—

"You might think I am reigning in heaven,

I know I am ruling in hell."

Once I knew an Englishman who was paying a visit of ceremony to the Amir, and sat in the balcony of an upper storey eating ice-cream with his Highness. Suddenly in the courtyard below a hundred or so mutinous soldiers of a Herati regiment were marched in in chains. The Amir scowled at them and gulped his ice-cream. "Poke their eyes out!" he growled. And poked out they were, then and there, while the Afghan ate on. But if you would rule an Afghan you must apparently be ruthless. At any rate Kabul gossip was always worth hearing, and it was some time before I thought to ask my friend if he knew aught of one Sultan Jan of the Turbaz Khel of the Suleiman Khel. My friend at once replied, Certainly he did; and that his camp was a mile or so across the Indus and up the bank in a patch of green among reeds and marsh. Presently he volunteered the information that I had not cared to ask for—viz., that he had brought a *memsahib* as a wife, and had twin children. I ventured to inquire, after some beating about the bush, how the *memsahib* had got on among the women of the *kirri*. "Well," he said, "of course, *sahib*, I do hear the women's gossip; but as you know, *sahib*, we Afghans do keep our women and our families pretty much to themselves. Once I heard that Sultan Jan's wife beat three Ghilzai women, just as a *sahib* beats his syce, because they would not let her fill water-pots at a well. They came home frightened, and said they had been beaten with a wooden spoon. But I know not. It is not well in Af-

ghanistan to be mixed up with other men's women."

So I let the subject drop; and after more discussion on Kabul affairs we turned to the ever interesting subject of the arms traffic. In the days of the old wars, when Keene and Nott and Pollock went up the passes, the long tribal matchlock was a far better weapon for sharpshooting than good Brown Bess. Then the tribes sat o' nights on the hill-tops and flicked hammered bullets into British camps with impunity. Then the British possessed themselves of a rifle and became top dog once again. But soon the whole of Afghanistan set itself to obtain rifles by hook or by crook; and for many years a man mounted sentry on the Frontier, and indeed in Upper India generally, with the knowledge that it was even betting that he would be knifed in the night by a rifle thief. In every sort of guise, from helper to harlot, the rifle thief would stalk the sentry or steal to the arms-racks. Up in the Kohat Pass an expert mechanic had set up a factory in which he actually turned out Martinis by hand, and would even fake the Tower mark on them, so old and so far-reaching is the craft of doping. But sentries grew very wary, and the Sirkar posted them in pairs, and it gradually became hard for a rifle thief of even the first flight to gain a fair living. Then, since necessity is the mother of invention, and rifles the tribes must have, some one hit on the idea of a vast rifle caravan trade from the Persian Gulf through Seistan. Good English merchants took it up eagerly. Cheap Birmingham rifles, with "God bless the work" inlaid in Arabic on the lock, flowed into the Gulf for the dhow-runners to land on the Mekran coast. Rifles almost became a drug in the market. From four hundred rupees *double*, they fell to rupees one-fifty *Kabuli*, and every evil-conditioned lad

on the border-side had a passable Martini-Henry slung on his back. Breech-loading ammunition, which was formerly certainly worth its weight in copper, came down in proportion. Instead of lying await for your neighbor till you could get the muzzle of your rifle close under his arm-pit, you could afford to snipe at him from a hill-top while he took his family for an airing. The which was a very great scandal. The good English soon realized that not only was some one sowing a crop of dragon's teeth for them to reap, next time *haute politique* or even mere police work took them over the border, but that even into India itself would this rifle-trade spread. But Afghanistan is a free country, where the hand keeps the head, and if the Amir does not mind, or knows he cannot prevent, his subjects exchanging jezails for magazine rifles, it is no one else's legal business. Yet there was a very fair case for doing something in that it was in the interests of humanity, good government, and what scoffing Liberal papers call "lauranorder," to suppress the traffic by fair means or foul. Therefore, the British Government which would not restrain its own Christian merchants from flooding the Gulf with cheap rifles, decided to turn pirate and hoist the Jolly Roger on its own ships of war in the Persian Gulf. The wisdom of this action, from all dictates of humanity and policy and good government, was beyond discussion. To the Afghan mind, however, it appeared an act of pure piracy. This was to some extent enhanced by the fact that after the immense profits that accrued when the first few caravans came through, all the widows and orphans put their money into the arms traffic as folk rushed to the South Sea Bubble. Therefore, said my friend, the action of the British patrols on the Gulf shores had created many mixed situations. All of which was interest-

ing, and to one who had spent many nights out of bed after the said rifle thieves, quite good hearing.

So, after watching some more of the Powindah *kirris* go by, I turned up to the rest house, determining to try and find Sultan Jan's camp in the cool of the evening. At the rest-house I found a newcomer and old acquaintance, no less than Dr. H——, one of those medical missionaries of whom Dr. Pennell of Bannu was such a famous type. Up and down the Afghan Border are settled the British Medical Missions, working on the principle of mend the body and then heal the souls. We had our *murgh rost*³ together, and I told him the tale of Sultan Jan the Ghilzai, and Susie Hammerslip, and how she had gone for an Afghan wife a couple of years or so ago.

"Aha!" said H——, "I know her well, for I was at Dera Ismael Khan when they went through. I had a message from the man to ask me to come and see him on urgent business, and I rode over to his camp, near the *ruk*,⁴ on the Paharpur road. He came out to meet me and said in English, 'Good evening, Mr. H——, my wife is down with fever.' To my surprise he let me in at once, and there I found this white girl. There was not much wrong. A sharp go of fever in a new subject. I saw her twice, and the Deputy-Commissioner saw her, and she was quite happy, and prepared to go over the border."

H—— therefore fell readily into my proposal that we should go and look for their camp that the Powindah *malik* had told me of, and we started off on horseback when we had had tea. It took us three miles to cross the bridge and ride round the gorge, and emerge off the road on to the grass flats and reeds of the Indus bed. We saw some tents on a green patch half

³ Roast fowl.

⁴ Government forest land.

a mile or so away, and cantered on towards them, flushing a flight of teal and a couple of Brahmini duck as we did so. Outside the camp was standing my old acquaintance of the steamer, Sultan Jan, the Ghilzai, otherwise "Aldo," attracted by the galloping over the turf. As we drew up he recognized us both, and rushed towards us with the Afghan welcomes. We were more than welcome, said he, and his wife would give us tea and show us the children. The tents were good ones, the ordinary camp outfit of a police officer, or something of that sort. We entered the first, to find it an empty tent save for a couple of small stools and an ordinary Indian *durrie* on the ground. Sultan Jan pressed us to sit on the stools, and said his wife would come in a minute. A minute more and come she did, with two of the jolliest roly-poly children imaginable, one on each hand. Susie was dressed in the black calico skirts and shawl that make an Afghan matron's working costume. She was looking happy and roundabout, and seemed genuinely glad to see us, and immensely proud of the two gray-eyed, fat children, a boy and girl, as like as two peas, with the healthy olive tan of the Powindah babes who turn somersaults for you as you drive by, and call *paisa wachawa*, which may be interpreted "throw us a copper." Whether they were to be fair or dark, or just half-way, it was not possible to say. They showed neither parentage in a marked way, while Afghan children are always fair to commence with. Susie chatted to H—, and had questions to ask of the children's ailments, and I inquired of life with the Ghilzais, and how the world was treating them. The frock-coat venture had turned out a great success, and Sultan Jan had decided to embark on the arms trade, sending his own brother to the coast for the rifles.

He had spent on this venture not only the most of his own ready money, but that of several sections and influential persons in Birmal, and the consignment was to have been a very large one. But, alas! the best laid plans go agley, and when reckoning on carrying out a harmful trade, even in the best of good faith, you have to reckon with the British Government anywhere east of Suez. The caravan got safely down to the coast, its camel-drivers armed to the teeth themselves. The money was handed over to the rifle-merchants at Muscat, and four *dhows* heavily laden were making for the Mekran coast. Just as they were about to land, a steam pinnacle of H.M.S. *Lavender* appeared in sight, and at once cleared for action. The *dhows* were beached, and at once attacked by the patrol. The expectant camel-men, waiting on the dunes above the shore, hurried to their assistance, and while a pretty fight among the sandhills was in progress the *Lavender* herself steamed in and brought her quick-firers into play. The game was then up, and the *dhows* became prize, while the caravan sullenly returned inland to mourn for its empty saddle-bags and vanished rupees. Sultan Jan, in addition to losing his own money, had incurred the deadly enmity of half a dozen influential men in Birmal, whose money he had promised to double for them, and who could not believe that all had been on the square. It was to avoid these same gentry that Sultan Jan had come with the *kirrie* down the Kurram instead of down the Gomai as usual, and he confessed he was in some anxiety lest some one should be in wait for him on the return journey. Susie, he said, was all for braving it out, but he feared the worst, and yet was compelled to go back with a fresh cargo of frock-coats, the friendly *seth* having advanced the money. Then he appealed to me by

the old appeal to look after his family if anything happened to him. Duty as well as inclination made me give a hearty promise, and say that perhaps the Medical Mission at Bannu would be the best place to send a request to me for help, or else the Deputy-Commissioner's house at Peshawur. After some billy-made tea, preferable far to the native-made variety, we said good-bye to the party, and wished them all fortune, returning to Attock by the ferry. H—— told me of what he could gather of their life from his talk with Susie. She had said that she got on with the women, that they were all afraid of her, yet seemed to like her, and that Sultan Jan was very good to her, and she liked the rough nomad life they lived. She had good tents, and they had sufficient servants to be comfortable. In fact there was nothing to regret in the far harder life she had led in the Bush. That night we sat talking of the border, and how Pennell managed the tribesmen, and of his wonderful old mother, in her British soldier's sun helmet, and her constant suspicion lest her white visitors should smell of tobacco. Those were the days before Pennell had married Dr. Sorabje, and later died untimely, at the point of duty, in the middle of high achievement. In the morning we went our several ways, and beyond an occasional remembrance, Susie and her family passed out of my mind.

III.

A few months later the border had been extremely restless. That fire-brand, the Mullah Powindah, had, as usual, been pulling out the British tail-feathers. Government was also, as usual, very disinclined to have a military expedition to bring the border folk to reason. Also, it was quite the worst time of year for moving troops. So it was advisable to pretend that the trouble was merely the young bloods

frollicking, and that no doubt the elders would make restitution in due course. Still, precautions were necessary, and the political officers of the border, and those lost souls who form for the time being the Frontier garrisons, were enjoying the month of August in tents at the mouth of the Tochi, one of those popular passes leading from Afghanistan to England *via* Waziristan. It was a foul night. Hot? No, hardly; it wants a better word than hot to describe the mouth of a Frontier pass in August. The raw red cliffs have baked in the sun all day, and are now yielding the heat to the atmosphere at compound interest. A dust haze hung around, and the river had given off some of its moisture to make that dust hang, as a velvet curtain hangs, heavy and still. The soldiery lay and gasped, the only good thing in the world being water-melons. A water-melon in the Tochi, after a day in the sun and dust, is far, oh! far better, than a dinner at the Ritz, for the whole world goes by contrast. When you have ridden long from border post to border post, and your horse can hardly crawl, there is no hostel to compare with the officers' mud-room in the Frontier post. There is then no meal like the tea and mixed biscuits out of a tin, with an old bound volume of "Maga," dealing of tales from the outposts in the seventies, or how the Bengal Fusiliers marched to Delhi and the like.

However, the soldiery were sucking melons for consolation, all except a *chapao*, or ambush, with a British subaltern in charge, out to catch one of the *krab admis*,² who had fired into the camp the night before from his Majesty's turnpike road. Those who had not melons lay and gasped. A foul moon redolent of heat sneered down on the bivouac, and Aldebaran looked like the fiery eye of some devil.

² Badmen.

Then a shot; only one, and from our side. The camp sat up and said, "Got the blighter this time." But then on the restless air came a murmur. There were prisoners, and they were bringing them along. To me as warden the party was brought, as they were rounded up on the road. The shot had been nerves on the part of the sentry. And this was what the party consisted of. A great shaggy Central Asian camel, with a female figure on top, with a long rolled bundle in her arms resting across the camel's hump. On either side of the camel a pannier, and in each a frightened child. Behind, disarmed but mounted, two Afghans.

It was Susie Hammerslip and her twin babies, with her man's corpse in her arms, and two clansmen behind her. The officer of the piquet had a letter in his hand. On it was written to "Brother Baring *Sahib*." Inside was a strange mark, and the words in badly written English, "Remember the children of the widow." That was how Susie came back to her own people, her man with her.

The camel knelt outside my tent, and Susie, hollow-eyed and silent, climbed down from her seat. In her hand was a long-barrelled Colt pistol. The children were lifted out in silence, and taken to a spare tent of mine. The two Afghans went off to the political serai. The story, as I gathered it from the clansmen and as Susie confirmed it next day, was simple enough. The caravan I had seen in the spring had got through with the bales of frock-coats. Sultan Jan had effectively eluded any one waiting for him. They had gone up into their summer camp after disposing of their wares, and had their camels and their flocks grazing on the downs north of Ghuzni. In the peace and quiet of the upland summer there had been no troubles save with the young camels. The

children rambled through the aromatic heather and filled their skirts with the Prophet's flower. There had been no talk of war or raids, and even the news from Kabul was uneventful. One night a small caravan, however, came along, apparently of Wazirs from Birmal, and had craved hospitality, which was of course freely offered them. The guests had talked trade and politics, and dipped deep into the cinnamon stew of fat-tailed sheep, and slept as tired men sleep. In the morning Sultan Jan had accompanied them to the edge of his camp, and his guests lingered while their camels moved ahead. Then one had struck him with a knife and another shot him through the chest simultaneously and galloped off. Susie and a servant had rushed out to find her husband lying dying but able to speak. He had told her that the men had said to him, "This will teach you to trade in rifles," and then had scrawled the note to me, and told her to come over the border to the British at once. This had only happened the day before yesterday in the morning, and she with two of her husband's relatives had brought the children and his body straight through, unmolested by tribesmen. Sultan Jan had evidently feared that the vendetta might be carried on to his children, and Susie had moved immediately, with the help of his two relatives, bringing, as so often is done in the East, the poor corpse with her.

The rest of the story is uneventful. Next day Sultan Jan was buried by his relatives and some Pathans from the militia in the little Muhammadan cemetery, under a willow-tree, by the shrine of a local saint. The grave, after the fashion of Islam, contained the recess for the examining angel to question the departed on his record of life. He had done his best by the wild girl of alien creed and race, and she had done him equally well. In

both accounts it is without doubt recorded.

Susie and her children went down to Kohat by *tonga* next day, consigned to the nuns in a quiet convent in the Himalaya, till I and the brethren could make permanent arrangements. One little glimpse I had of the youngsters that cheered me. Rosy, jolly folk the two of them—the girl a little frightened, the boy sturdy and defiant. They were waiting for the *tonga*, by their small bundle of possessions, and their Afghan relatives were saying farewell. One knelt to the boy, and said, "Now, sonnie, what will you do for us who have rescued you and brought you down with such care?"

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"I will cut the throats of the lot of you," said the boy, and the fierce men of the hills laughed approval. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth! This mingling of Briton and Afghan is a sturdy blend, and some of the sons of such mingling have already carved a mark or two in history.

So Susie and her twins galloped away into the dust of the Frontier road, and I and the troops went about our business. Since then it has been arranged that she and her children shall be installed on a small fruit and chicken farm in the Himalaya, and the children in due course properly educated. And there the tragedy rests for the time being.

G. F. MacMunn.

A DICKENS PILGRIMAGE.

III.—BATH.

A pilgrimage to Bath is, as far as Dickens is concerned, almost entirely a Pickwickian one; but even the most rigidly pious may allow themselves here and there to turn aside and worship at other and less sacred shrines—at those of Mrs. Malaprop and Bob Acres; of Miss Catherine Morland and Mr. Tilney; of Sir Walter Elliot, whose house was "undoubtedly the best in Camden Place." Indeed, there is a quotation in every one of the entrancing streets of Bath.

Returning there not long before he died, Dickens wrote that it looked as if the dead had risen and built streets of their old gravestones. It is a description that does much injustice to the mature charms of Bath, and yet the words conjure up a picture not wholly untrue. For all it appears sedately prosperous, the city is yet so gray and so stony and so still; the squares and crescents look as if they were mourning—very gently, and without demanding sympathy or

taking any one into their confidence—for glories that can never quite come back. Bath has probably gained something of a pensive beauty and lost a little of liveliness and bustle since the audacious Mr. Moses Pickwick's coach came jingling up to the White Hart Hotel, with Mrs. Dowler in her bright blue bonnet looking out of the window.

We began our progress through Bath from the Midland station, whence it is but a short walk to Queen Square, a square of spacious, dignified gray houses set upon a slope; railed off in the middle there is an attractive green garden containing an obelisk that was erected by Richard Nash, Esq., to Frederick, Prince of Wales. Here, as every schoolboy knows, lived Angelo Cyrus Bantam, M.C., and—oh! inspiring thought!—it was presumably against one of these very lamp-posts that Mr. John Smauer leant his powdered head while he smoked a cigar through an amber tube

and waited to conduct Mr. Weller to the swarry. It was not till they had strolled some little way that Mr. Weller began to whistle, and then Mr. Smauker was horrified. Even Sam could hardly have whistled in the precincts of the square itself: it has such an air of icy and unruffled gentility. And yet Queen Square has had to bow its head before the advance of democracy, and the words "Apartments" and "Private Hotel" show themselves here and there, though with a most retiring discretion. Oh! poor Mr. Bantam, what of the "absence of tradespeople who are quite inconsistent with paradise"? You had much to bear when the Miss Musgroves said to their father: "None of your Queen Squares for us." This would have broken your heart.

Mr. Winkle's Race.

From Queen Square there are two courses open—to go up to Royal Crescent and the Assembly Rooms or down to the Pump Room and the Abbey. Acting on the sound principle of getting the climbing over first, we walked up Gay Street to the Circus—a most imposing place, with fine plane trees and more gray houses adorned with Corinthian pillars and stone acorns—each one exactly like the other and all delightful. Hence another street leads into Royal Crescent, where Mr. Pickwick and his friends took lodgings—surely the very pleasantest spot in all Bath. Here is a semi-circle of stately stone houses, with taller and yet more gorgeous pillars—a monument of Georgian magnificence. In front, inside a railing, is a sweep of grass, all pink with clover, that runs down to what anywhere else might be called a sunk-fence, but in Bath can only be a ha-ha. Beyond the ground falls steeply away, and over the trees in the foreground there is a fine big hilly stretch of view. Some of the

houses are to be let; others are shut up; those that are open are, like Mrs. Craddock's servants, apparently "in the arms of Porpus" and doze placidly in the hot light. It is a delicious scene, but it sends the student flying to the fountain head in some distress of mind, for how in the world did Mr. Winkle "take to his heels and run round the Crescent, hotly pursued by Mr. Dowler and the watchman"? It seems, at first sight, that there is no way round and that the fugitive must have turned away into the streets either to right or left. Then it is seen that down the hillside a pathway does run across, but it is some way off, and the circuit would have been such an extensive one that we must suspect either that the geography of the crescent has been altered or that the author allowed himself a little license. The runners would have had a terribly steep pull-up at the end of their race, and, moreover, they ran two whole laps since the door was open "as Mr. Winkle came round the second time." Mr. Winkle might possibly have done it, but if he did then in his character of athlete he was not wholly a humbug after all. Mr. Dowler never could have, since we have the authority of Mr. Weller for the statement that "it wouldn't take much to settle that 'ere Dowler."

From Royal Crescent it is but a step to No. 35, St. James's Square, where Dickens stayed with Walter Savage Landor. The fact that Dickens stayed there is duly commemorated by a tablet, but there appears to be no word of Landor, and this is the more remarkable since Bath is liberally besprinkled with memorial tablets proclaiming the residences of celebrities of whom no reasonably ignorant person has ever heard. St. James's Square has all the attributes of subdued color and gracious calm that give to the city a peculiar quality of its own; beyond that

there is little that can be said about it. Out of it leads Park Street, which the Pickwickians observed—and a most discerning observation, too—was “very much like the perpendicular streets that a man sees in a dream, which he cannot get up for the life of him.”

The Assembly Rooms.

We did not attempt the feat but turned aside to Bennet Street to see the Assembly Rooms. It may be that there are still moments in the history of the rooms, which are, in the words of Mr. Bantam, “rendered bewitching by music, beauty, elegance, fashion, etiquette,” but this was assuredly not one of them and “Solitude with dusky wings” brooded over the Assembly Rooms. We opened a door and walked in to find some workmen engaged upon the roof of one of the big halls and littering the floor so deep in shavings that our footsteps sounded more ghostly than ever through those haunted rooms. They are all very large and stately and gloomy, with painted nymphs upon the walls encircled by gilded wreaths, and in one room we found the component parts of the chandeliers reposing on a table—great, glittering drops that looked like a dead giantess’s ear-rings. Over the portals of the rooms are written their various names in letters of gold—“Ball Room,” “Tea Room,” and, as we read aloud with a great thrill, “Card Room.” We stood upon the very spot where Mr. Pickwick sat down to whist with the “three thorough-paced female card players,” Lady Snuphanuph, Mrs. Colonel Wugsby, and Miss Bolo—their names must be written down for the mere pleasure of doing it—the spot whence Miss Bolo subsequently retired “in a flood of tears and a sedan chair.” The rooms are a little depressing, and yet there is, perhaps, nothing in Bath

that so vividly summons up a picture of the Pickwickian era. They have so obviously ancient an air: it is easy to imagine Lord Mutanhead dancing there with the elder Miss Wugsby; it is so wholly impossible to imagine dancing there ourselves.

Now it was time to go down hill, and we plunged into Milsom Street, proudly called by the guide-book the “Regent Street of Bath,” a flourishing street of smart shops. Milsom Street leads into Union Street, and a turn to the left leads to the Grand Pump Room. The White Hart appears to have been transmogrified into the Grand Pump Room Hotel, but the Pump Room itself is there with its pillars and its clock and its portrait of Beau Nash. In an enclosure in its midst there recline on red plush seats persons of uncertain age struggling with large glasses of water; they seem—but perhaps this is an idle fancy—rather sad as they begin their task and perceptibly more cheerful as they near the end of it. The water itself wells up steaming in a little fountain, surrounded by a pattern of expectant glasses, and guarded night and day by two trim ladies in black frocks and white aprons who knit ceaselessly. It appears a sacred duty to judge of the “killibeate”; yet there is—deny it who can—something distinctly unappetizing about the warm yellowness of those glasses, and it was with a sensible shrinking that we advanced to ask for some only to be confronted with a stern demand for tickets. This was too much; we had screwed ourselves up for a reckless dash; we had not the cold-blooded and calculating courage that purchases the warrant for its own undoing, and so fled incontinently to examine the Roman baths, taking upon trust that immortal criticism “a wery strong flavor of warm flat-irons.”

Close by is to be seen the sombre and decorous beauty of Laura Place

and Pulteney Street and the big square houses on the North Parade, where Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute had their famous scene. The North Parade looks out across a pretty garden to where the river comes out from under the old bridge and pours over the weir in a neat symmetry of foam, that never forgets itself or the genteel tranquillity of Bath.

The Abbey Church.

Finally hard by the river there towers majestically the Abbey Church. Particularly impressive is the western front with its noble carved door and above it the representation of the dream of Bishop Oliver King: angels ascending and descending two ladders, those coming down head foremost looking, it must be admitted, a thought less dignified than those going up. It would be almost an impertinence to describe the loveliness of this famous church, but something may be said of the tablets that line its walls, because they really help the sightseer to a sympathetic understanding of Bath. Those whose often illustrious names are recorded there did not come only from Bath or from Somerset but from every country in England. Presumably they came to Bath in later life in an attempt to restore their shattered

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constitution by drinking the waters, and some of them like Mr. Pidger—a rather recondite allusion this—overdid the attempt. And what engaging inscriptions testify to their merits and their lineage, personifying each virtue with a capital letter! "Adeste O cives. Adeste lugentes" cries some elegant writer breaking into Latin over the great Nash. Here is an old lady "upon whose lips ever hung the Grace of Persuasion" before "she winged her flight from this world to a better"; there a young gentleman who "in a moment of social pleasure received a fall which soon deprived him of life." Further on is one who "supported through life what he was entitled to by birth, the True Position of an English Gentleman."

Most illuminating of all is the tablet that bears witness to all the undoubted glories of the Gresleys of Drakelow, who trace their descent from Rolla Duke of Normandy; "the elegance of his manner, the accomplishment of his mind, and the refinement of his taste gave an added splendor to the dignity of his birth." That one inscription, at once so pathetically amusing and so genuinely inspiring, seems to give us a clue to the grandeur that was Bath.

THE PEACE OF IRELAND.

There was never a time, I suppose, when our politics were so deeply concerned with Ireland as they are at present, and there was never a time since the Union when Ireland was so little concerned with politics. That at least is the chief impression made upon me by a sojourn there of some weeks after an absence of two years. Ireland is a land of paradoxes, and they were never so emphatic as they are at present. Dublin has turned

from a quarrel over an art gallery to a fight between capital and labor. Loyal Ulster is preparing, in deadly earnest, to fight the King, Lords, and Commons, while the Catholic and disaffected South finds itself in agreeable accord with the English Government. The tide of religious fervor, ebbing from the monasteries and country parishes, is piling high within the narrow gates of Calvinism. Religion becomes more and more ma-

terial, economics become more and more emotional; but even in the heart of Tipperary, where the Protestant tenant of a "tainted" farm still goes to church on Sunday armed with a gun and guarded by a couple of constables, the new sense of ownership and of property is gradually changing the peasant's idea of the land from a symbol to a reality.

It is strange indeed at this time that one should thus find in Ireland peace from the political strife. Ulster is in this, as in all other things, an exception to the rest of Ireland; but leaving out that indignant vortex of reawakened Protestantism one may say that the rest of Ireland is at peace. Wherever the actual center of strife over the destinies of Ireland may be, it is not in Ireland. I journeyed through many remote places in the south and west, and talked with men of various estate and interest; but the impression surprisingly produced was that, for the first time in my experience, politics were not the prime interest in their lives. Many of them, no doubt, after the skilful and agreeable manner of their kind, gave me the kind of conversation that seemed to them most in accord with what they guessed my own views to be; others voiced the general official view of whatever group they belonged to; a few were quite candid. One of these, a small farmer in the west of Tipperary, on my sounding him as to the extent of his enthusiasm for Home Rule, had uttered the usual pious patter about its advent promising to be the brightest day that had ever dawned on Ireland; but, on being pressed for a more personal and individual opinion, he answered, with a highly significant glance up and down the street, "Ah well, now, we're not greatly minding one way or the other, though"—and here he looked again up and down the street—"there's them in

it that wouldn't let ye live for saying so."

The personal attitude of this particular man was a genuine indifference. But others, and among them a few of the more progressive farmers in the Golden Vale of Limerick, looked with a quite definite apprehension on the forthcoming change. The majority were mildly enthusiastic for it; but there may be something to be learned from the fact that even a few of those who really thought things out for themselves did not look without misgiving on the impending realization of that for which they had been fighting for years. The explanation is a simple one. The first-fruits of the Land Act are now beginning to be realized; the farmers are getting settled on their own land, and are in consequence taking a larger interest in it than they ever took as tenants; they have had a good harvest. The educative work of the Agricultural Organization Society, among other agencies, is beginning to make itself felt in a wider outlook upon the possibilities of the agricultural life and a keener idea of developing its resources; and the industrious small-holder is anxious now only to be let alone, to enjoy a respite from the strife which has hitherto rent his community (and in which he himself has been among the most implacable combatants), and genuinely desires peace and good government under which to enjoy and cultivate his possession. And he has a vague feeling, founded no doubt on his own experience of local politics, that neither peace nor good government under an Irish Parliament elected by himself can be regarded as anything like a certainty.

Even the main roads of Ireland run chiefly by desert ways and green solitudes. It is one of the most striking contrasts between England and Ireland. In England vast solitudes

only exist on moor or down or mountain; but in Ireland, even in the central plain, you run into tracts many a mile in extent where the green growing country is a solitude, and where no sign or habitation of man breaks the sweet and silent monotony of the expanse. On such a road, when the motor-car stops and the throb of the engine dies away, you become aware of the silence as of a presence that haunts this island of dreams and memories. The breath of Ireland, which is like no other atmosphere in the world, comes upon you like a caress, soft and clinging, yet with a coolness and a life in it like old still wine from an ice-cold cellar. And this great peace broods even over the congregations of men. In the small Irish country town time seems to be no more; in Patrick Street it seems always to be afternoon; and the patient, loafing inhabitants and the wandering hens and pigs and geese awake to the passage of the stranger like beings roused from an enchantment. It is in this atmosphere of dreamy listlessness that they have to work who are trying to stir up the Irish farmer to a better realization of the commercial possibilities of his calling; and it is uphill work. It is all so very relative, even when you come upon some more advanced community, where sound co-operative principles are established and real work is being done; and the humble and almost domestic scale of the

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machinery and organization fill you with a sense blended of the pathetic and the heroic. It is like teaching a class of little children the multiplication table; for in all economic matters the Irish peasant is like a little child—as easily inspired with enthusiasm, as easily discouraged and dashed by failure. And among these small communities the instructors and organizers go forth like the apostles of old to strengthen the churches; brave men, too, these modern apostles, with something of the divine and the heroic in their mission, and with a very shrewd sense of the amount of enthusiastic ideal that is necessary to achieve the very smallest practical result.

Sometimes in these green and solitary journeyings I would read the papers; and from the printed page it would appear as though Ireland were like a pot set upon the thorns, its contents seething and bubbling with disruptive heat. And I would look up and see a gleam of the sailless Shannon in the distance, cattle in the foreground browsing round the walls of a ruined abbey; green pastures, rarer tillage, and the violet haze above the heather in the lonely middle distance. Not a sound or sign of man; the idle wind would stir the printed leaf and make a crackling sound for the moment; and when it ceased the world would be at peace again.

Wilson Young.

THE PAVED COURT.

"Francesca," I said, "you may as well save yourself further trouble. It is useless. You shall not interest me in the garden."

"But I *will* interest you in it," she said. "You must share with me the planning of these alterations."

"And that," I said vehemently, "is

precisely what I refuse to do. I like the garden well enough as it is. It has flowers and shrubs and grass, and trees and beds and borders. There is a pond. There are lilies and gold fish in the pond. There is, I believe, a pergola; and there are vegetables. All these things are usual in a garden, and

I have no personal objection to any of them; but when it comes to alterations——"

"And that is just what it *has* come to," she said.

"When it comes to changing things about I take no part in it; I let it flow over me, for I know it would be quite useless for me to say or do anything."

"And when it is all finished you suddenly become aware of it, though it's been going on under your very nose——"

"It is my best feature," I said.

"And then you ask wildly who has ruined your garden (*your* garden, indeed) by all these hideous changes. Oh, I know you, and I refuse to let you do it this time."

"Francesca," I said, "you are now uttering wild and whirling words. I cannot influence your determinations, but I can always say 'I told you so.' You could not think of robbing me of that poor privilege."

"I call it mere perversity," she said.

"Do you really, Francesca?" I said. "Surely that cannot be the right word. My mother and my Aunt Matilda have often told me that in early childhood I was bold, gentle, generous and affectionate. My fault, they said, if I had any, was an excessive softness of heart, but they never said a word about perversity."

"Your nature," she said, "must have altered."

"There you go again," I said. "You can think of nothing but alterations. Natures are not like gardens. They are not altered; they develop. Mine is still what it was, only more so."

"Heredity," she said in the vague tone of one addressing herself, "is a strange thing. It was only yesterday that I had to correct Frederick for being perverse and unmanageable."

"Not harshly, I hope, for remember Frederick has your high spirit. He

would not brook much correction."

"On the contrary, he brooked it like an angel. I've always said that little boy——" She paused.

"Is like his dear father.' You meant to say it, Francesca, I know you did. Oh, why that cruel pause?"

"We will leave Frederick out of the question," she said.

"No, we will not," I said. "I did not drag him in, but, now that he is there, I mean to use him for all he's worth. Frederick is like me——"

"He is not," she said.

"He is," I said. "He may be led, but he will not be driven. You should appeal to his reason."

"Let us," she said, "resume the subject of the garden."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "let us. Where were we? Yes, I remember. You want to move the pond from its present retired position to the centre of the lawn. Do it. I approve. Frederick and the girls will tumble into it more readily, but what of that?"

"I never said anything about the pond," she said. "I was asking you——"

"How foolish of me," I said. "Of course it wasn't you who mentioned the pond. It was Mrs. Baskerville. She was saying the other day what a wonderful gardener you were, and how beautiful the garden was, except for the position of the pond."

"The pond," said Francesca, "is going to remain where it is."

"Is that wise, do you think? I rather thought it would do the pond good to be moved; but, of course, if you really object I yield at once."

"No, no," she said, "I couldn't think of asking you to make such a sacrifice. It is for me to yield. We will move the pond."

"Francesca," I said, "I insist on yielding. The pond shall remain rooted to its rockery."

"Very well," she said; "I will let

you yield about the pond, and I will yield about the little paved court."

"How so?" I said.

"I half thought of having it on the north side, but you said you didn't care for that. I give way at once. We will have it on the south side, where you thought the pond ought to be."

"But——" I said.

"I insist," she said. "Sometimes on wet days it will look like a pond."

"I am not sure," I said, "that a paved court is exactly what I wanted there."

"Now," she said, "you are going to be too generous. You are going to yield again."

Punch.

"No," I said, "not quite that. I only want you to be quite sure about it."

"Oh, I'm that all right. It's the one place in the garden where a paved court ought to be."

"Aha," I said; "then you admit I was right in objecting to the north side?"

"Absolutely right," she said. "I can't think why I ever suggested it there."

"It's not a bad thing," I said, "to take advice now and then."

"An excellent thing," said Francesca. "I'll order the paving-stones at once and tell Macpherson to mark it out."

R. C. L.

REAL ISSUES IN MEXICO.

It needs no long memory to recollect the time when it was the fashion to point to Mexico as the place where a ruthless despotism was also a great administrative success. The façade which Diaz erected during his long dictatorship was eminently imposing. What the world saw was that a country which had been perhaps the most troubled of the Spanish-American Republics had entered on a period of calm. Order reigned in Warsaw, and by all the statistical tests accepted by European finance the country was doing well. Diaz smiled on foreign enterprise, and he was astute enough to make himself equally popular in London and Paris and New York. He certainly achieved a remarkable transformation. For the slovenly, barbarous, violent anarchy of a primitive Latin republic, with its ease and good-nature and uncommercial laziness relieved by periodical blood-letting, he substituted an orderly slavery which had no parallel save in the achievements of the late King Leopold. He taught his Mexicans the "dignity of labor."

When Diaz came to power, Mexico was a country of peasant proprietors. He left it a land of serfs. The instrument of this evolution was a law of debtor and creditor which reduced the independent peasant to the level of a serf, tied to the land by a load of debt, and impotent to sell his labor, because he could quit his hut only by leave of his master. The ranches and plantations were worked by these peons, under conditions which differed little from slavery. The case grew worse as foreign capital proceeded to "develop" remote and sparsely peopled regions, which must needs import their labor. To this emergency the elastic law of debt was adapted, and the debtor was in effect sold into slavery to man the plantations of the South. Labor was cheap, and it was ruthlessly wasted. When the supply of half-breed labor was difficult to maintain, the Administration would pick a quarrel with some harmless Indian tribe, and transport the surviving members, women as well as men, as "prisoners of war," to make the fortunes of the planters. It required an

efficient machinery to impose such a system as this on a race which had the habit of revolution in its blood. Diaz had a genius for detail, and any humorist who proposed to take the constitution literally was promptly dealt with. M. Jaurès, in "*L'Humanité*," used to publish from time to time his gruesome little pictures of the prisons in which the Mexican Liberals were starved and tortured or shot "while attempting to escape." We gave Diaz the Garter in recognition of his success.

The end of the dictatorship came at the hands of a man who in this stifling atmosphere had somehow preserved a genuine idealism. There are no two opinions about the rebel General Madero who led the Northern movement which unseated Diaz. Himself a wealthy landed proprietor and a scholarly student, he espoused the cause of the enslaved peons with a disinterested courage to which the most cynical did homage. His critics had nothing worse to say of him than that he was an unpractical dreamer, because he neglected to dispose of his opponents in the traditional Mexican manner. His term of power was too brief to test his talents as a reformer. He found anarchy, and he evolved from it only partial order.

The downfall of Madero came suddenly, and we have never been able to understand that it was due to anything more significant than a plot among generals who had their own ambitions to serve. The old Dictator's nephew, Felix Diaz, in alliance with General Huerta, managed to put themselves at the head of a section of the professional army in Mexico City, and made a sudden *coup d'état*. They consolidated their position by promptly shooting Madero and his immediate lieutenants, and no one has accused them of idealism. The two plotters soon after fell out among themselves,

and young Diaz escaped in time to save Huerta another murder. But the Maderist movement was still alive in the North, and under General Carranza, who is described as a man of principles and a student like Madero, but rather less anxious for the survival of his enemies, it is once more in arms. Huerta holds something like one-half of the vast Mexican territory, but he holds it by a tenure so precarious that he can maintain himself only by arresting, now the deputies of the Chamber a hundred at a time, and again his whole personal staff.

We have attempted in this summary fashion to sketch the outlines of recent history in Mexico, because it seems to us that in the crisis which President Wilson's action has brought about, public opinion in this country is being misled in its sympathies, with results which must, in the end, be dangerous to our prestige and injurious to our relations with the United States. We do not delude ourselves into supposing that because the Maderist or Carranzist movement calls itself Liberal and Constitutionalist, and opposes a gross form of serfdom, it is free from the brutalities and self-seeking that have made Mexican politics in the past. As little do we suppose that if it succeeds in the field, it will at once display the constructive genius required to create a *régime* of political freedom and economic liberty which would satisfy a European ideal. But if the choice lies between a movement which aims, or even professes to aim, at these ends, and a group of conspirators who do not even make professions, we do not hesitate. It is, indeed, enough for us that Huerta and his satellite, Blanquet, are military adventurers, whose only effective backing comes from professional soldiers, while the Carranzists represent a popular movement. Whatever may be the personal values of the

two leaders, the success of Huerta must retard the coming of any real self-government, and the success of Carranza must in some degree advance it. But "personal values" count for something. Huerta raised himself and has maintained himself by murder. We prefer the stiffness which for some years boycotted King Peter of Serbia to the facility which hurried to "recognize" General Huerta on the very day after he had imprisoned a hundred deputies for protesting against the assassination of a Senator.

We anticipate the answer which will be made to us. We shall be told that British diplomacy cannot go crusading at the ends of the earth, or intervene in the domestic affairs of half-civilized States because their morals are bad and their politics illiberal. We shall be reminded that the first concern of British diplomacy is with British interests. We assent to both these propositions. Our complaint is not that British diplomacy has declined to intervene against Huerta. It is rather that in a peculiarly cynical way it has given him its countenance, and that at a moment when the United States was using its influence to restore some approach to constitutional rule. If all the world had recognized Huerta as a matter of routine, our action would have had little significance. But it was taken at a dramatic moment when it could be interpreted only as a rebuff and a counterpoise to the efforts of President Wilson. The term "British interests" in this connection requires some definition, cheap labor, for one thing, is not a British interest. We are aware that Lord Cowdray and other British capitalists who have built railways, opened jute-mills, and prospected for oil in Mexico are friendly to Huerta as they were

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friendly to Diaz. It is said that their American rivals of the Standard Oil Trust are with the Carranzists, and have lent them money to finance their revolution. The civil war is doubled by a struggle between rival capitalists. The more that is so, the more is our diplomacy bound to neutrality, unless it desires that its attitude in a contest which affects the civil and economic liberties of the Mexican people should be interpreted by them as an attitude dictated by foreign financiers. Even on the narrowest view of our interests, the success of a revolution which aims at turning serfs into free wage-earners, with money to spend, may in the end do more to benefit British trade than all the favors which a Dictator might shower on a few concessionaires.

Nor would a prudent diplomacy gamble in revolutions. Carranza may succeed, as Madero succeeded, and where, then, would be our trade and our concessions and our prestige? But we are ashamed to argue the question on this level. It is an axiom with Liberals that there is in the long run no good government but self-government, and that our prosperity is linked with that of our neighbors. We are with President Wilson in seeing in Huerta's violent usurpation the very negation of self-government. The United States has taken its stand on democratic principle, and France has followed with the effective step of excluding Huerta's loans from the Paris market. Among the Liberal Powers we are alone. If there were no argument against our policy save this, it is sufficiently serious that it isolates us among our friends, and exposes us to the suspicion of Americans at a moment when their Government more than ever deserves our good will.

BOOKS THAT IRRITATE.

In one of the most striking of Robert Louis Stevenson's parables a hateful book attacks its reader with a pertinent query. "If you do not like me, why read me?" And in a similar note, Mr. George Bernard Shaw tells us, of his most repulsive drama, that one half of his detractors held it too painful to tolerate, while the other half objected still more vehemently on account of its depraving fascination.

The actual facts of our consciousness are subtler than Stevenson and more paradoxical than Shaw; there is a real and very mysterious "antinomy" in our emotional composition as regards the attraction of certain literature. The book is hateful *and* fascinating. Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," Mr. Shaw's three "Unpleasant Plays," Mr. Wells' "New Machiavelli," Miss Sinclair's "The Helpmate," and, in a minor degree, the characteristic ethos of Miss Cholmondeley's observations on men and women, represent almost all the degrees of literary merit from superlative art to the low-water mark of commercial acceptability. But they all possess this common quality of attraction through repulsiveness. In the last analysis, they repel. But we are interested by the very repulsion.

Coleridge felt this in "Measure for Measure." "Our feelings of justice are grossly wounded by Angelo's escape." The logic is not very clear. Why should Angelo's escape annoy us more than Cordelia's death? The answer is that Cordelia has the dignity of tragedy. Our minds are attuned to the one note throughout. But the parody of poetic justice in "Measure for Measure" is neither good comedy nor good tragedy. If Shakespeare meant the denouement to be ethically satisfactory, his emotional standards were nearly as objectionable as those of an

"advanced" moralist at the present day. If he intended the tragedy of undetected hypocrisy, the thing is no better. Finally, if he meant the tragedy of the exceptional slip, the play is wrong from this aspect too. It is emotional *confusion* that produces the irritation.

This key of emotional confusion will unlock most of the complex difficulties of repulsive fascination. Why does "The New Machiavelli" disgust us, while "Barry Lyndon" does not? Both are autobiographies of scoundrels. Both heroes offer more or less ingenious apologies for their deflections from current morality. It is quite possible to argue in both cases that Thackeray and Mr. Wells meant to condone or defend cruelty, adultery, hypocrisy, and all the other vices. Why the "sickening" flavor of Mr. Wells' book?

The answer is that Barry Lyndon has no impossible adulteration of inconsistent virtues. True, there are a few streaks of paternal feeling, to tone down the unmixed draught of meanness and scoundrelism. But Richard Remington has "principles," and even priggishness. He preaches—in the intervals of debauchery—with such fervor and sincerity that we suspect his author—perhaps not fairly—of failing to see what a Pecksniffian humbug he has drawn. A yahoo, with an extraordinary thirst for a perfectly regimented society (whose first act would be to kick him out of its sacred presence), may be a possible human phenomenon. But Mr. Wells fails to make him a probable one, and our dislocated sympathies produce a feeling of dislike to author, hero, and book.

And the same principle holds good in Miss Cholmondeley's far feeblere capacity of generating irritation in the reader. Why are we annoyed at be-

ing told that "many a confirmed bachelor, who openly laments that he has met no woman worthy to be his wife, would be in a position to complain that his wife was unable to enter into his deepest feelings, if he had only struck when the iron was hot"? If the authoress had told us—what appears to be her real belief—that the distinctive character of woman is always a "pill" to the man, we should not have felt any irritation. But Miss Cholmondeley combines a profound belief in the disagreeableness of women with an enormous demand upon the admiration of the man, and fails to see the grotesqueness of expecting the man to agonize and taste a hell on earth for the chance of being tied to an ant-heap.

So, too, of "unpleasant" plays like "The Philanderer." Briefly, the story is that a thoroughly kickable man named Charteris is "run after" by two thoroughly kickable women, Grace and Julia. No man could stand either of these ladies for ten minutes; and we doubt if any company of civilized people could leave Charteris unkickable for an hour. But in the actual sequel, Julia does not get kicked; she gets a man far too good for her, and turns up her nose at him. She wants a cad and gets a gentleman. "This is what they call a happy ending—these men." This last sentence is the superlative

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instance of the irritating *mot* in literature. We feel that there is something unsatisfactory in the universe till the person who uttered it is kicked black and blue.

What is the sociological meaning of the "irritating" note in literature? Foolish people will tell you that the absence of the comforting spirit is due to an immense conscientiousness, a Puritanical feeling—it does not extend to other items of Puritanism—of superiority to "the subtle poison of the arm-chair." Nonsense! "Your popular novelist is mutely abject to your unspoken demand." Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells have discovered that the modern reader wants to be itched and scratch. A simpler taste felt that as life was uncomfortable, fiction ought to add the element of comfort. In the Victorian age "complexity" existed in abundance. But no one wanted to hear about it. With us the disgusting and the irritating are served up as a savory mouthful. An author who puts filth into the scent-bottle obtains at the same time the suffrages of the people and the crown of "modernity." The historian of the future will perhaps think that the men and women of to-day were extraordinary compounds of yahoo and prig. It is not so. It is that we have learned to like in literature the skilful solling of every decent feeling.

R. E. C.

THE MONSTER SHIP IN PEACE AND WAR.

The financial anxieties caused to the White Star Line and to the Hamburg-Amerika by their adoption of the monster ship are only less serious than those of the Chancellors of the Exchequer who are called upon to provide every year for an addition to the size of battleships. The objections to the monster ship in the merchant service may be briefly resumed as fol-

lows, and some of them are applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to the monster war vessel. In the first place, there are very few harbors and docks and repairing yards in the world which will take ships of more than 25,000 or 30,000 tons, so that their voyages are severely circumscribed. At present we believe the Suez Canal will not take ships of more than 15,000 tons. Sec-

ondly, as regards the comfort of passengers, a ship of 20,000 tons is just as steady—provided she is well constructed—in a heavy sea as a ship of 40,000 tons. Those who have had the experience of an Atlantic storm in the "Baltic" or the "Celtic," or ships of a similar type, will be able to confirm this statement. Thirdly, on the score of safety, there can be little doubt that a 20,000 ton ship is to be preferred to one of 40,000 or 60,000 tons, which is so huge that she cannot be properly managed and supervised by a single man. Such a ship is like a small town, with no cohesion, speaking different languages, with a west-end quarter composed of millionaires, and an east-end quarter composed of slum-dwellers. The carelessness in regard to fire and other matters which is bred of extreme luxury or extreme poverty, is a serious menace to a big ship. Fourthly, these very large ships present great difficulties from an insurance point of view, and the capital embarked is so enormous that no line would care to run the risk of relying on its own reserve funds to meet a loss. Fifthly, even in the harbors which are capable of receiving them, monster ships are unmanageable and are liable to all sorts of accidents, of which the "Imperator" and "Olympic" in their short lives have already afforded illustrations.

The objections to the Dreadnought we stated and restated in the *Economist* several years ago, when these absurd vessels were being boomed in the most ridiculous way by the Admiralty Press bureau in most of the London papers. In the first place, as we then pointed out, many of our best naval officers held that three King Edwards at the same cost would be more than a match for two Dreadnoughts. Secondly, we argued that, on Admiral Fisher's own showing, namely, that the Dreadnought made all previous ships obsolete, it

was a piece of insanity for Great Britain (whose navy was then about four times as strong as that of Germany) to introduce a type which would enable any other naval Power, by making similar financial sacrifices, in the course of five or six years to challenge our naval supremacy. In the third place, the development of the torpedo, of the submarine, and of floating and contact mines all pointed to reducing rather than increasing the size of the battleship; for the larger the ship, the more it is at the mercy of those infernal submarine contrivances. Suppose, for example, in some fit of madness, like the Fashoda crisis, war were declared upon France, does anyone suppose that a super-Dreadnought, costing £2,750,000, carrying thousands of men, could venture to steam down the Channel? Let us remember that a submarine boat could discharge a torpedo at a distance of 8,000 or 10,000 yards, with a fair probability of striking this huge capital ship, and sending her straight to the bottom. And yet, thanks to the action of the English Admiralty, a number of great and powerful armament firms have embarked many millions of capital on the construction of plant, for the purpose of manufacturing these vessels, and they cannot afford to allow plain common-sense to revise and alter a policy to which, moreover, the reputation of the Board of Admiralty is committed. In case anyone should think that all this criticism is mere common-sense, and that it cannot possibly be entertained in view of the opinions of the Imperial Defence and the Board of Admiralty and those adaptable journalists who describe themselves as naval correspondents and naval experts, we may refer to the recent articles of a *Times* correspondent, who is undoubtedly quite as competent an expert on armaments as any who have taken the field on the

other side. We will conclude our remarks with a couple of paragraphs from this authority:—

"The Dreadnought policy" has two aspects—warship design and initial procedure. The first involved an immense sudden advance in tonnage, speed, and cost, a reversion to an all-heavy gun armament which had been tried in the "Inflexible" of 1875, and abandoned, and a disposition of this armament which had been adopted in the French Navy and given up as evidently unsuitable. The second was characterized by mystery so strangely tempered by advertisement as to give to other Powers the impression that we had on the stocks *monstrum informe ingens* which would change the conditions of naval war and make all existing battleships "obsolescent."

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"The Dreadnought policy" has committed us and other Powers to huge dimensions still growing, to monstrosity as the ideal of warship design and of armament, and incidentally to a vast inflation of expenditure which has brought no corresponding accession of relative strength to the British Navy, and has even tended in the opposite direction. Of the original design little now remains except the exaggerations. The secondary armament has already come back, and the disposition of guns has reverted to the normal arrangement, as might confidently have been expected.

We would ask once more is there any intelligible reason other than the necessity of squaring policy with the pressure of the armament interests for continuing the super-Dreadnought?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Tourists in California will not be slow to appreciate the service which George Wharton James has rendered them in preparing "The Old Franciscan Missions of California," which is at once a history and a guidebook. Mr. James's researches in this field of investigation, and his previous works, descriptive and historical, abundantly qualify him as an authority; and he has written the present volume in a popular style with just enough of the history and romance of the past to enhance the picturesqueness and significance of the present. More than one hundred illustrations from photographs add to the value of the book. Little, Brown & Co.

Nevin O. Winter's "Poland of To-day and Yesterday" (L. C. Page & Co.) is a companion volume to his "The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday," and is similar also in scope to volumes which he has published descriptive of Mexico, Chile, Brazil and

other of the Latin-American republics. But the present volume has a pathetic interest which separates it from the others, for the story of Poland and its repeated partitions and practical obliteration is the story of a great national tragedy. Mr. Winter treats it broadly and sympathetically. Travel in the country and close acquaintance with its people have enabled him to understand existing conditions; and he depicts graphically the Poland of to-day and the life of its people, and describes the treatment of the Poles under their Russian, German and Austrian rulers. The book is illustrated with a map and fifty or more photogravures.

The "spiritual autobiography" of Charles Gordon Ames, for many years one of the most beloved and widely influential Unitarian ministers of Boston, is an intimate disclosure of the inner life, the thoughts, aspirations, beliefs and spiritual crises of a soul sincerely devoted to the highest things,

and, through all changes of environment and of faith, holding strongly to the truth as apprehended, and to all its consequences in life and conduct. There is an engaging frankness in Mr. Ames's account of his experiences from the religion of his boyhood and early manhood and his labors as pastor of a little Free-Will Baptist church on the western frontier to his fifty years of service in the Unitarian ministry; and there is also good humor and a large tolerance. It was only last year, at the age of 83, that this life of varied experience and noble activity ended. An "Epilogue" by Mr. Ames's daughter, Mrs. Alice Ames Winter, supplements the autobiography with some details of personal history which were touched upon lightly, if at all, in Mr. Ames's own narrative. The volume has for illustrations two portraits and a facsimile of Mr. Ames's lines "Athanasia." (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The California of the Argonauts and the Mexico of the Panama canal are less unlike than were the two regions sixty years ago, but during the whole period of time the struggle between the two has continued. Beginning when the Cavalier, and the Puritan and the Brownist followed the friar and the Don to the new world given to Castile and Leon by the Genoese, there has been no cessation in their strife in which the watchful natives on both sides of the border have continuously borne a part, and every individual difference, has had its prototype in racial dissensions. The cycle is curious and picturesque, and in Mrs. B. M. Bower's "The Gringos" it may be studied by those who sedately read to improve their minds. Plain, ordinary frivolous folk will be content with an ingeniously planned story, full of surprises, yet not overdrawn, and with horses and horsemanship and

horsebreaking, and all their appurtenances, given in good measure before comes the unexpected ending. Mrs. Bower has concealed her art with enviable skill, and "The Gringos" is by far her best story—better than "Good Indian" or "The Uphill Climb"—and the art of its four illustrations by Anton Otto Fischer and of its original cover and jacket, is in perfect harmony with that of the story. Little, Brown & Co.

The naval triumphs of 1898 and the long period of restlessness in the Philippines, have renewed the disposition of both Northern and Southern readers to study the more recent relations of the former slave and his former owner, and Mrs. Patience Pennington's "A Woman Rice Planter" is sure of attentive perusal. Mr. Owen Wister gives it a generously laudatory introduction, classing it with Mrs. St. Julian Ravenel's story of Eliza Pinckney and he also ranges it with the testimony of Hopkinson Smith, Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page as to the virtues and faults encountered by the Southerners who set themselves to build a new civilization on the shattered ruins of the old. Policies which the North would willingly forget, but which yet rankle in the memory of the South made the task difficult, but the hereditary habit of command lightened it in a measure, as Mrs. Pennington shows. As the descendant of a Carolinian governor, the daughter of a great slave-holder, and the owner of two large plantations, her position was comparatively easy. Yet her apparently unaffected description of her experiences is alternately heartrending and ludicrous. If she is but a figment of journalistic insight and ingenuity, as seems possible, she is still invaluable. The book is illustrated by Alice H. R. Smith with sketches displaying negro characteristics with no touch of

caricature. The time covered by the diary forming the book covers the passage of a very few years, and the ending of the modest, womanly chronicle is indicated inimitably, and will very properly mystify the foolish who proclaim, "I always look at the last page of a book first. I'm so sensitive, you know, I can't bear anything sad." The Macmillan Company.

One reads the first of the nine stories in Mr. James Hopper's little book, "What Happened in the Night," and plans to review them in the shortest of short words divided into syllables by hyphens for the comfort of little readers. Also one plans to commend it to the parents of good little girls who love Christmas and Punch and Judy, but the second story, "A Jumble in Divinities," shows that the author, although he deals with children, really speaks to their elders. He dips into psychology, casuistry, economics, theology, criminology and sociology, and is most serious when he seems most frivolous, and often allegorical, when professing to be simple as a babe. The ninth and last story bears the title "God's Job" and ascends to eschatology, and a little child is the medium to show her father and mother some of its most profound depths. She does not "lead them" as it is sometimes said by persons quite innocent of any knowledge of the passage of Scripture containing the two quoted words. She is instructively shown to them in a manner suited to their capacity, and they thankfully and reverently accept the lesson, and the reader is moved to do likewise, unless he is too thoroughly schooled in scepticism. The stories were written at intervals during the last ten years and one is filled with curiosity as to the history of their conception, but Mr. Hopper seems too much in earnest to talk about it. His readers will clamorously save him the

trouble, and enjoy themselves beyond measure. Henry Holt and Company.

Turning over the two large volumes in which Frederick A. Stokes Company present the "Collected Poems" of Alfred Noyes, the reader finds in the nearly nine hundred pages of splendid verse a reflection of the literary, political and social history of England during the last twenty years: the adoption of Provençal forms and themes; the imperial patriotism of the Jubilee time; and the effort of every British poet worthy of his birthright to utter at least one strain expressive of his love for the Empire. Mr. Noyes is as earnest as Mr. Kipling, but he stands on the side of the everlasting Christian truths voiced in the angels' Christmas song of "Peace to men of good will." Other pages reflect England's intense interest in Japan and in the Indian Empire, and on yet others the themes treated in youth are amplified and ennobled. A ballad becomes the play of "Sherwood" in which the Robin Hood traditions and the deeds of Eleanor, of Aquitaine and Richard and John are braided into one strand; a sea-song becomes the great legend of Gloriana and Walsingham and Drake; and is one of the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," such as Marlowe might have told; one which Scott did tell is retold with a superb sequel. One is tempted from poem to poem by the continuity of the close tissue into which the poet weaves them and by the magic of their arrangement making their unity clear. Mr. Noyes also finds phrases of Horatian fitness wherewith to honor the men of letters whose work he has enjoyed, and whom he loved or revered. Best of all, however great and however near perfection his art, one always feels that he is sincere. It is the real man who speaks in these pages, a true man, a true poet, a maker who fashions songs to endure.